THE

MUSES BANQUET,

OR

VOCAL REPOSITORY,

For the Year 1792.

BEING THE

NEWEST AND MOST MODERN COLLECTION

OF

Songs, Duets, Trios, &c.

LATELY SUNG AT THE

Anacreontic Society,	Dibdin's Sans Souci,
Theatres Royal,	Beef Steak Club,
Vauxhall,	Aſtley's,
Sadler's Wells,	Circus,

And at other Convivial and Polite Aſſemblies in Town.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A Variety of TOASTS and SENTIMENTS.

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(PRICE SIX-PENCE.)

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE MUSES BANQUET, &c.

EVERY INCH A SAILOR.

A New Song.

THE wind blew hard, the ſea ran high,
The dingy ſcud drove croſs the ſky;
All was ſafe ſtow'd, the bowl was ſlung,
When careleſs thus, Ned Hawlyard ſung:

A ſailor's life's the life for me,
He takes his duty merrily:
If winds can whiſtle he can ſing,
Still faithful to his friend and king,
He gets belov'd by all the ſhip,
And toaſts his girl, and drinks his ſlip.

Down topſails, boys, the gale comes on,
To ſtrike top gallant yards they run;
And to hand the ſail prepar'd,
Ned cheerful ſings upon the yard.
A ſailor's life, &c.

A A leak!

A leak! a leak! come lads behold,
There's five foot water in the hold;
Eager on deck ſee Hawlyard jump,
And, hark! while working at the pump.
A ſailor's life, &c.

And ſee, the veſſel naught can ſave,
She ſtrikes, and finds a wat'ry grave;
Yet Ned, preſerv'd with a few more,
Sings, as he treads a foreign ſhore.
A ſailor's life, &c.

And now unnumber'd perils paſt,
On land as well as ſea, at laſt;
In tatters to his Poll and home,
See honeſt Hawlyard ſinging come.
A ſailor's life, &c.

Yet, for poor Hawlyard what diſgrace,
Poll ſwears ſhe never ſaw his face;
He dams her for a faithleſs ſhe,
And ſinging, goes again to ſea.
A ſailor's life, &c.

DICK THE DUSTMAN.

Written by Mr. Dibdin.

I'M daſhing Dick, the Duſt-man,
None my calling can degrade,
For I am not the firſt man,
Who has driv'n a dirty trade;
Duſt ho, duſt ho! I rings my bell and cries,
My tricks if you would find 'em,
Pretty early you muſt riſe,
For watch me ſtill,
Howe'er you will,
I bears off many a prize,
And if I wants to blind 'em,
I throws duſt in their eyes.

Why

Why what's your man of honour,
And what's your madam fame,
A jilt when he has won her,
That prove a dirty name:
Victory, victory! he draws his ſword and cries,
In the midſt of ſlaughter find him,
See where the ſavage flies,
He ſpares no life,
Nor friend, nor wife,
Where'er he finds a prize,
'Till death at laſt to blind him,
Throws duſt in his eyes.

The lawyer, the phyſician,
And e'en the learn'd divine,
Each drives, in his condition,
As black a trade as mine.
Fees ho, fees ho! each draws his purſe and cries,
Their conſciences can't bind 'em,
The wretched patient dies;
All prayers fail,
And in a jail,
The ruin'd client lies,
Unleſs you throw to blind 'em,
Gold duſt in their eyes.

And ſo d'ye ſee men buſtle,
To ſee who's dirty firſt,
And one another huſtle,
And all to riſe the duſt.
Duſt ho, duſt ho! each draws his purſe and cries,
And whom old Nick behind him,
Will take, to mount up, tries,
All ſcrambling go,
From friend to foe,
To bear away ſome prize,
And each throws duſt to blind him,
Plump in his neighbour's eyes.

THE WATERY GRAVE.

Written and Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

WOULD you hear a ſad ſtory of woe,
That tears from a ſtone might provoke,
'Tis concerning a tar you muſt know,
As honeſt as e'er biſcuit broke;
His name was Ben Block, of all men,
The moſt true, the moſt kind, the moſt brave,
But harſh treated by fortune, for Ben
In his prime found a watery grave.

His place no one ever knew more,
His heart was all kindneſs and love,
Tho' on duty an eagle he'd ſoar;
His nature had moſt of the dove.
He lov'd a fair maiden nam'd Kate
His father to intereſt a ſlave,
Sent him far from his love, where hard fate,
Plung'd him deep in a watery grave.

A curſe on all ſlanderous tongues,
A falſe friend his mild nature abus'd,
And ſweet Kate of the vileſt of wrongs,
To poiſon Ben's pleaſure accus'd;
That ſhe never had truly been kind,
That falſe were the tokens ſhe gave,
That ſhe ſcorn'd him, and wiſh'd he might find
In the ocean a watery grave.

To be ſure, from this cank'rous elf
The venom accompliſh'd its end,
Ben all truth and honour himſelf,
Suſpected no fraud in his friend.
On the yard, while ſuſpended in air,
A looſe to his ſorrows he gave,
Take thy wiſh, he cry'd, falſe cruel fair,
And plung'd in a watery grave.

THE

THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

ADIEU, adieu! my only life,
My honour calls me from thee,
Remember thou'rt a ſoldier's wife,
Thoſe tears but ill become thee:
What though by duty I am call'd,
Where thund'ring cannons rattle,
Where Valor's ſelf might ſtand appall'd,
When on the wings of thy true love,
To heaven above thy tender oraiſons are flown,
The tender prayer thou put'ſt up there,
Shall call a guardian angel down,
To watch me in the battle.

My ſafety thy fair truth ſhall be,
As ſword and buckler ſerving,
My life ſhall be more dear to me,
Becauſe of thy preſerving;
Let perils come, let horrors threat,
Let thund'ring cannons rattle,
I fearleſs ſeek the conflict's heat,
Aſſured when on the wings of love,
To heaven above, &c.

Enough with that benignant ſmile,
Some kindred god inſpir'd thee,
Who ſaw thy boſom void of guile,
Who wonder'd and admir'd thee;
I go aſſur'd my life adieu!
Where thund'ring cannons rattle,
Where murd'rings carnage ſtalk in view,
When on the wings of my true love,
To heaven above, &c.

THE JOYS OF THE COUNTRY.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

LET bucks and let bloods to praiſe London agree,
Oh the joys of the country my jewel for me,
Where ſweet is the flow'r which the May buſh adorns,
And how charming to gather it but for the thorns,
Where we walk o'er the mountains with health our cheeks glowing,
As warm as a toaſt, honey, when it en't ſnowing!
Where nature to ſmile when ſhe joyful inclines,
And the ſun charms us all the year round when it ſhines.
Oh the mountains and vallies and buſhes,
The pigs and the ſcreech-owls and thruſhes,
Let bucks and let bloods to praiſe London agree,
Oh the joys of the country my jewel for me.

There twelve hours on a ſtretch we in angling delight,
As patient as Job, though we get ne'er a bite,
There we pop at the wild ducks and frighten the crows,
While ſo lovely the icicles hang on our cloaths;
There wid ants and wid couſins and grandmoders talking,
We are caught in the rain while we're all out a walking,
While the muſlins and gauzes cling round each fair ſhe
That they look all like Venus's ſprung from the ſea.
Oh the mountains, &c.

Then

Then how ſweet in the dog-days to take the freſh air,
When to ſave you expence the duſt powders your hair,
Thus pleaſures like ſnow-balls increaſe as they roll,
And tire you to death, not forgetting the bowl:
With mirth and good-fellowſhip always uniting,
We agree, that is, when we're not ſquabbling and fighting,
Wid good toaſts and pint bumpers we bodder the head,
Juſt to ſee who moſt gracefully ſtaggers to bed.
Oh the mountains, &c.

HAPPY JERRY.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

I WAS the pride of all the thames,
My name was Natty Jerry,
The beſt of ſmarts and flaſhy dames,
I've carried in my wherry;
For then no mortal ſoul like me,
So merrily did jog it,
I lov'd my wife and friend, d'ye ſee,
And won the prize of Dogget;
In coat and badge ſo neat and ſpruce,
I row'd all blythe and merry,
And all the watermen did uſe,
To call me happy Jerry.

But times ſoon chang'd, I went to ſea,
My wife and friend betray'd me,
And in my abſence treach'rouſly,
Some pretty frolicks play'd me;
Return'd, I us'd them like a man,
But ſtill 'twas ſo provoking,

I could

I could not joy my very can,
Nor even fancy ſmoaking;
In tarniſh'd badge and coat ſo queer,
No longer blythe and merry,
Old friends now paſs me with a ſneer,
And call me diſmal Jerry.

At ſea, as with a dang'rous wound,
I lay under the ſurgeons,
Two friends each help I wanted, found
In every emergence;
Soon after my ſweet friend and wife,
Into that meſs had brought me,
Theſe two kind friends who ſav'd my life,
In my misfortunes ſought me;
We've come, cry'd they, that once again,
In coat and badge ſo merry,
Your kind old friends the watermen,
May hail you happy Jerry.

I'm Peggy, once your ſoul's delight,
To whom you prov'd a rover,
Who ſince that time in man's attire,
Have ſought you the world over;
And I cry'd t'other, am that Jack,
When boys you us'd ſo badly;
That now the beſt friend to your back,
Then prithee look not ſadly,
Few words are beſt, I ſeiz'd their hands,
My grateful heart grew merry,
And now in love and friendſhip's bands,
I'm once more happy Jerry.

NAUTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

Written and Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

I BE one of thoſe ſailors who think 'tis no lie,
That for every wherefore of life there's a why,

That

That by fortune arrang'd, whether a calm or a
squall,
Our births good or bad are chalk'd out for us all,
That the ſtays and the braces of life will be found,
To be ſome of them rotten and ſome of them
ſound;
That the good we ſhould cheriſh the bad never
ſeek,
For death will too ſoon bring each anchor a-peak.

When aſtride on the yard the top-lifts they let go,
And I com'd like a ſhot plump among them
below,
Why I catch'd at a halliard and jump upon deck,
And ſo broke my fall to ſave breaking my neck;
Juſt like your philoſophers for all their jaw,
Who leſs than a rope gladly catch at a ſtraw.
Thus the good, &c.

Why now that there cruiſe that we made off the
banks,
Where I pepper'd the foe and got ſhot for my
thanks,
What then, ſhe ſoon ſtruck, and tho' cripp'd on
ſhore,
And laid up to refit, I had ſhiners gulliore;
At length live and looking, I try'd the falſe main,
And to get more prize-money got ſhot at again.
Thus the good, &c.

Then juſt as it comes take the bad with the good,
One man's ſpoon's made of ſilver, another's of
wood,
What's poiſon for one man's another man's balm,
Some are ſafe in a ſtorm and ſome loſt in a calm,
Some are rolling in riches, ſome not worth a
ſouſe,
To-day we eat beef, and to morrow lob's couſe.
Thus the good, &c.

THIS LIFE IS LIKE A TROUBLED SEA.

Compoſed by Mr. Dibdin.

THIS life is like a troubled ſea,
Where helm a weather or a lee;
The ſhip will neither ſtay nor wear,
But drives of ev'ry rock in fear.

All ſeamanſhip in vain we try,
We cannot keep her ſteadily;
But juſt as fortune's wind may blow,
The veſſel's toſticated to and fro.

Yet come, but love on board,
Our hearts, with pleaſure ſtor'd;
No ſtorm can overwhelm,
Still blows in vain the hurricane, while he is at the helm.

COTCHELIN SAT ALL ALONE.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

COTCHELIN ſat all alone,
Not a ſoul beſide her,
While from Taddy, who was gone,
Oceans did divide her,
His pipes, which ſhe'd been uſed to hear,
Careleſs left behind him,
She thought ſhe'd try, her woes to cheer,
Till once again ſhe'd find him.
'Twill not do, you loodle loo,
Arrah now be aeſy,
Tad was born with grief to make,
Cotchelin run crazy.

She takes them up, and lays them down,
And now her boſom panting,
And now ſhe'd ſigh, and now ſhe'd frown,
Caze why? dere's ſomething wanting:

And

And now ſhe plays the pipes again,
The pipes of her dear Taddy,
And makes them tune his favourite ſtrain,
Arrah be aeſy Paddy.
Ah 'twill not do, &c.

Taddy from behind a buſh,
Where he'd long been liſtening,
Now like light'ning forth did ruſh,
His eyes with pleaſure gliſtening;
Snatching up the pipes, he play'd,
Pouring out his pleaſure,
While half delighted, half afraid,
Pat the time did meaſure.
Ah well will do, this loodle loo,
Arrah now be aeſy,
Tad was born with joy to make,
Cotchelin run crazy.

SLY OLD HODGE.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

CURTIS was old Hodge's wife,
For virtue none was ever ſuch,
She led ſo pure, ſo chaſte a life,
Hodge ſaid 'twas vartue over much:
For ſays ſly old Hodge, ſays he,
Great talkers do the leaſt, you ſee.

Curtis ſaid, if men were rude,
She'd ſcratch their eyes out, tear their hair,
Cry'd Hodge, I b'lieve thou'rt wond'rous good,
However, let us nothing ſwear.
For ſays, &c.

One night ſhe dreamt a drunken fool,
Be rude with her in ſpite would fain;
She makes no more, but with joint ſtool,
Falls on her huſband might and main.
Still ſays, &c.

By

By that time ſhe had broke his noſe,
Hodge made a ſhift to wake his wife:
Dear Hodge, ſays ſhe, judge by thoſe blows
I prize my vartue as my life.
Still ſays, &c.

I dreamt a rude man on me fell,
However, I his project marr'd;
Dear wife, cry'd Hodge, 'tis mighty well,
But next time don't hit quite ſo hard.
For ſays, &c.

At break of day Hodge croſs'd a ſtile,
Near to a field of new-mown hay,
And ſaw, and curſt his ſtars the while,
Curtis and Numps at am'rous play.
Was'nt I right, ſays Hodge, ſays he,
Great talkers do the leaſt, d'ye ſee.

TAFFY AND GRIDDY.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

ABERGAVENY is fine, Aberiſtwith alſo,
And the laſſes it is fine when to market they go;
The birds and the pretty finches ſing fine in the grove,
But the fineſt bird of all, is that little rogue Luff.
Luff me I pray you now, luff me as your life,
And Taffy and Griddy ſhall ſoon be man and wife.

The mountains are high, and the fallies are low,
And from Radnor to Glamorgan's a long fay to co;
But I'd co, and I'd run, and I'd fly, and I'd rove,
If when I came there, I ſhould meet with my luff.
Luff me, &c.

Toil and labour is hard, and the time's very long,
From the lark's pretty chant to the nightingale's ſong,
But I'd toil and I'd labour throughout the whole year,
And think it a day, were I bleſt with my dear.
Luff me, &c.

WIGS; OR, THE INUNDATION.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

GOOD people attend to my lay,
I ſing of a great inundation,
That had like to have carry'd away
All the wigs and long robes in the nation;
While thinking of no harm at all,
But a few wretched people's undoing;
Father Thames, enter'd Weſtminſter-hall,
Threat'ning all law and juſtice with ruin.
But let not their terrors theſe lawyers confound,
The old proverb decrees they can never be drown'd.

Of the fright univerſal it ſpread,
Conception can ne'er form a notion;
Wigs briſtl'd upright on each head,
And counſellors ſtood without motion.
The tide that for no man will ſtay,
While the clamour grew louder and louder,
From every tie-wig, waſh'd away
Common ſenſe with the curls and the powder.
But why, thus would water theſe lawyers confound,
When the proverb decrees they can never be drown'd.

Cries one, they're found out in their tricks,
No wonder they put ſuch deſpair on,
They fancy the Thames is the Styx
And each old crazy waterman Charon.
That they'll ſoon before Minos be brought,
Where nought avails twiſting and turning,
And where they'll, in his caſe, be taught
That drowning's an alias for burning.
Yet at no rate ſhould water ſtaunch lawyers confound,
They may burn to be ſure, but they cannot be drown'd.

And now by the current preſs'd hard,
Each ſcrambles to enter ſome boat in;
While ſcatter'd all o'er Palace-yard,
Wigs, briefs, and long robes are ſeen floating
In this chaos of juſtice, thieves, clerks,
Jews, counſel, the boats are all trimming;
While a ſailor cries, "damme theſe ſharks,
"Are your fineſt of fiſhes for ſwimming."
Then why ſhou'd their terrors theſe lawyers confound,
When whatever awaits them they cannot be drown'd.

At length ſafe arriv'd from the ſtorm,
Without fate or fortune once thanking;
They ſwore that the city, next term,
They'd indite for the Thames not embanking,
That the wind that blew nobody good
Was an ill one, thus parted theſe brothers,
And, themſelves ſcarce eſcaped from the flood,
Went home to brew miſchief for others:
And furniſh'd a laugh for the public all round,
That ſuch fools ſhould fear water who cannot drown'd.

SOLDIER DICK.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

WHY, don't you know me by my ſcars,
I'm Soldier Dick come from the wars,
Where many a pate without a hat,
Croud honour's bed, but what of that. (Bis.

Beat drums, play fifes, 'tis glory calls,
What arguſies who ſtands or falls;
Lord, what ſhould one be ſorry for,
Life's but the fortune of the war;
Then rich or poor, or well or ſick,
Still laugh and ſing ſhall Soldier Dick. (Bis.

I us'd

I us'd to look two ways at once,
A bullet hit me on the ſconce;
And dowſh'd my eye, d'ye think I'd wince,
Why, Lord, I've never ſquinted ſince. (Bis.
Beat drums, &c.

Some diſtant keep from war's alarms,
For fear of wooden legs and arms;
While others die ſafe in their beds,
Who all their lives had wooden heads. (Bis.
Beat drums, &c.

Thus gout, or fever, ſword, or ſhot,
Or ſomething ſends us all to pot,
That we're to die, then do not grieve,
But let's be merry while we live.
Beat drums, &c.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

SURE 'ent the world a maſquerade,
Wid ſhrugs and queer grimaces;
Where all mankind a roaring trade,
Drive underneath bare faces?

Pray don't the lover, let me aſk,
Hid by a faſcine battery;
Steal hearts away? and what's his maſk?
To be ſure, it is not flattery.

Then join the general maſquerade,
That men and manners traces,
To be ſure, the beſt maſks that are made
For cheating 'ent bare faces.

Weigh yonder lawyer—I'll be bail,
So able are his talents,
The devil himſelf, in t'other ſcale,
Would quickly kick the balance.

See that friar to a novice preach,
To holineſs to win her;
Their maſks drop off, what are they each?
He a taef and ſhe a ſinner.
To be ſure they 'ent, &c.

For her huſband ſee yon widow cry,
She'll never have another;
By my ſoul, ſhe weeps wid but one eye,
For ſhe's leering with the t'other.
To be ſure they 'ent, &c.

Yon courtier ſee, who, in a crack,
Will promiſe fifty places,
By my ſoul, his friends ſcarce turn their back
But he laughs before their faces.
To be ſure he don't, &c.

A FAVOURITE BALLAD.

By Mr. Dibdin.

CROWN me, Bacchus, mighty god,
The victory is thine,
Cupid's bow yields to thy rod,
And love ſubmits to wine.

Love, the dream of idle boys,
That makes the ſage an aſs,
Love cannot vie with thoſe ſweet joys
That crown the ſparkling glaſs.

To plunge in care let lovers whine,
Such fools who will be, may,
Good fellows, glaſs in hand combine
To drive pale care away.

With grief of heart, how many a boy
Goes mad to pleaſe ſome laſs!
We too go mad, but 'tis with joy,
Fir'd by the ſparkling glaſs.

How

How many dangle on a tree,
Who buckle to love's tether,
True to our honeſt purpoſe we
Hang too, but 'tis together:
The lover numbers, by his ſighs,
The moments as they paſs,
We count them in a way more wiſe,
By putting round the glaſs.
See in his cage the lover ſing,
Wife, children, ſquall ſonorous,
We make the air and glaſſes ring,
While ſinging freedom's chorus:
No never ſhall preſumptuous love,
The joys of wine ſurpaſs,
Worn out by bickerings, even Jove
Seeks Bacchus and his glaſs.

A FAVOURITE BALLAD.

By Mr. Dibdin.

WHY I be ſquire Ned of Gobble-hall,
I be come to London town with father,
And they that little I a gooſe goes to call,
Should call me a fox much rather.
I be ſilent and ſly,
And cunning and dry,
And with a hawk's eye
To watch what's ſaid and done am ready;
So they that goes to hope
To hang me for a fool,
Will find in the rope
A knave, that he wool:
So you never muſt
To faces truſt,
For I be ſly,
And queer, and dry,
And they that thinks to make a fool of I,
Are all deceived in little Neddy.

When

When the comely captain on his knees I find,
Who to mother has vow'd and has kiſs'd her,
Why 'tis nothing more than kind after kind,
For the dancing-maſter kiſſes ſiſter;

So they thinks me to chouſe,
While I goes about the houſe,
As tame as a mouſe.
By the nick-name of ſimple Teddy;
But 'tis all one to me
If, in day time, d'ye ſee,
They meets their ſpark,
I kiſs maids in the dark,
So you never muſt
To faces truſt, &c.

If father be in love with a bouncing dame,
Thinking I be a lout and no better,
And ſpells me out good madam's name,
And gives me a guinea and a letter.

What does I do d'ye think?
To myſelf while I wink,
I pockets the chink,
Burn the letter, and makes love to the leady:
So down to the ground
I tricks them all round,
Pretty ſiſter and mamma,
And my reverend pappa;
So you never muſt
To faces truſt, &c.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

By Mr. Dibdin.

HOW much I love thee, girl, would'ſt know?
Better than roſin loves the bow,
Then treble ſhrill the growling baſs,
Or ſpruce guitars a tawdry caſe.

No

No more then let us ſolo play,
To Hymen's temple jig away,
There, when we get
In a duet,
Of pleaſure will we take our ſwing;
Joy's fiddle ſhall play,
Love's bells ſhall ring:
And, while we celebrate the day,
We friſk away,
And laugh and play,
And dance and ſing,
And friſk away like any thing.

I love thee more, I really think,
Than dancers jigs, or fiddlers drink;
Than dancing-maſters love a kit,
Or jolly ſailors fal dral tit.
No more then, &c.

I love thee, Griddy, Oh much more,
Than fingers love a loud encore,
Than curates crowdies love to ſcratch,
Or roaring drunkards love a catch.
No more then, &c.

A FAVORITE BALLAD.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

AWAY and join the rendezvous,
Good fellowſhip reigns here;
Joys ſtandard flying in your view,
To invite each volunteer.
Hark, pleaſure's drum
Cries come, come, come,
Obey the kind ſalute,
The echoing hall
Reſounds the call,
To welcome each recruit.

Behold

Behold the dinner in array,
A column it appears;
While pyramids of whips diſplay
A corps of grenadiers.
Hark, pleaſure's drum, &c.

See rivers, not of blood, pour'd out
But nectar, clear and ſtrong,
Young Ganemede's become a ſcout,
Hebe an aid-de-camp.
Hark, pleaſure's drum, &c.

Mow down the ranks, ſee, ſee, they fly
Attack them glaſs in hand;
Cloſe quarters, rally, fight or die,
'Tis Bacchus gives command.
Hark, pleaſure's drum, &c.

FAMILY LIKENESS.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

LOVELY woman, pride of nature,
Good, and ſweet, and kind, and fair,
Than man, a higher ſtyle of creature,
Perfect as celeſtials are.

See Myra come, like ſtately Juno,
Ever fair, and ever young,
Completely like, as I and you know,
For Myra, like Juno, has a tongue.

Young Cælia's charms, that beam ſo ſweetly,
To paint, ah! what can words avail!
She's Venus' ſelf, and ſo completely,
That Cælia is, like Venus—frail.

To woo the charming Gloriana,
Audacity would be afraid:
She's chaſte and icy as Diana,
And, like Diana, an old maid.

Thus

Thus woman boaſt, a near relation,
'Tis plain, to the celeſtial race:
Thus we of their divine creation
A family reſemblance trace.

If, then, ſome faults of this complexion,
Like ſpots upon that ſun, their fame,
Ruſt this ſame model of perfection,
The ſtars, not woman, are to blame.

BONNY KATE.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

THE wind was huſh'd, the fleecy wave,
Scarcely the veſſel's ſide could lave,
When in the mizen-top his ſtand
Tom Clueline taking, ſpy'd the land.
Oh what reward for all his toil!
Once more he views his native ſoil;
Once more he thanks indulgent fate,
That brings him to his bonny Kate.

Soft as the ſighs of Zephyr flow,
Tender and plaintive as her woe,
Serene was the attentive eve,
That heard Tom's bonny Kitty grieve.
Oh what avails, cry'd ſhe, my pain?
He's ſwallow'd in the greedy main:
And never ſhall I welcome home,
With tender joy my honeſt Tom.

Now high upon the faithful ſhroud,
The land awhile that ſeem'd a cloud,
While objects from the miſt ariſe,
A feaſt preſents Tom's longing eyes.
A ribband near his heart which lay,
Now ſee him on his hat diſplay,
The given ſign to ſhew that fate,
Had brought him ſafe to bonny Kate.

Near

Near to a cliff whoſe heights command
A proſpect of the ſhelly ſtrand,
While Kitty ſate and Fortune blam'd,
Sudden, with rapture, ſhe exclaim'd,
But ſee, Oh heaven! a ſhip in view,
My Tom appears among the crew,
The pledge he ſwore to bring ſafe home,
Streams on his hat, 'tis honeſt Tom.
What now remains were eaſy told,
Tom comes, his pockets lin'd with gold,
Now rich enough no more to roam,
To ſerve his king, he ſtays at home;
Recounts each toil, and ſhews each ſcar,
While Kitty and her conſtant tar,
With rev'rence teach to bleſs their fates,
Young honeſt Tom's and bonny Kates.

NATTY SAM.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

A TINKER I am,
My name's Natty Sam,
From morn to night I trudge it;
So low is my fate,
My perſonal eſtate
Lies all within this budget.
Work for the tinker ho! good wives,
For they are lads of mettle,
'Twere well if you could mend your lives,
As I can mend a kettle.
The man of war,
The man of the bar,
Phyſicians, prieſts, free-thinkers,
That rove up and down,
Great London town,
What are they all but tinkers?
Work for the tinker, &c.

Thoſe

Thoſe 'mong the great,
Who tinker the ſtate,
And badger the minority,
Pray what's the end,
Of their work, my friend,
But to rivet a good majority?
Work for the tinker, &c.

This mends his name,
That cobbles his fame,
That tinkers his reputation:
And thus, had I time,
I could prove, in my rhyme,
Jolly tinkers of all the nation.
Work for the tinker, &c.

DEATH OR VICTORY.

By Mr. Dibdin.

HHRK, the din of diſtant war,
How noble is the clangor!
Pale death aſcends his ebon car,
Clad in terrific anger.

A doubtful fate the ſoldier tries,
Who joins the gallant quarrel;
Perhaps on the cold ground he lies,
No wife, no friend, to cloſe his eyes;
Though nobly mourn'd,
Perhaps return'd,
He's crown'd with vict'ry's laurel.

How many who, diſdaining fear,
Ruſh on the deſp'rate duty,
Shall claim the tribute of the tear
That dims the eye of beauty!
A doubtful fate, &c.

What

What noble fate can fortune give?
Renown ſhall tell our ſtory,
If we ſhould fall: but if we live,
We live our country's glory.
'Tis true, a doubtful fate he tries, &c.

THE PORTRAIT.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

COME, Painter, with thy happieſt ſlight,
Portray me every grace,
In that bleſt region of delight,
My charming Sylvia's face:
And hear me painter, to enhance.
The value of thine art,
Steal from her eyes that very glance,
Khat ſtole away my heart.

Her forehead paint, in ſway and rule,
Where ſits, with pleaſure grac'd,
A form like Venus beautiful,
And like Diana chaſte:
Then paint her cheeks, come, paint and gaze,
Guard well thy heart the while,
And then her mouth, where Cupid plays,
In an eternal ſmile.

Next draw; preſumptuous painter hold!
Ah think'ſt to thee 'twas given,
To paint her boſom!—would'ſt ſo bold,
Preſume to copy heaven!
Nay leave the taſk, for 'tis above,
Far, far above thine art;
Her portrait's drawn, the painter, Love,
The tablet, my fond heart.

CHAIRS

CHAIRS TO MEND.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

LIKE mine to both is each man's fate,
Each toils in his vocation,
One man tinkers up the ſtate,
Another mends the nation:
Your parſons preach to mend the heart,
They cobble heads at college;
Phyſicians patch with terms of art,
And latin, want of knowledge.
But none for praiſe can more contend,
Than I,
Who cry,
Old chairs to mend.

Your lawyer's tools are flaws and pleas;
They manners mend by dancing
Wigs are patches for degrees,
And lovers uſe romancing,
Fortunes are mended up and made,
Too frequently, with places.
With rouge, when their complexions fade,
Some ladies mend their faces.
But none for praiſe, &c.

PEGGY PERKINS.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

LET bards elate,
Of Sue and Kate,
And Moggy take their fill o,
And pleas'd to rehearſe,
In jingling verſe,
The laſs of Richmond-hill o:

A lass more bright,
My am'rous flight,
Impell'd by love's fond workings
Shall loudly sing,
Like any thing,
'Tis charming Peggy Perkins.

Some men compare,
The favourite fair,
To every thing in nature;
Her eyes divine,
Are suns that shine,
And so on with each feature.
Leave, leave, ye fools,
These hackneyed rules.
And all such subtle quickings,
Sun, moon, and stars,
Are all a farce,
Compared to Peggy Perkins.

Each twanging dart,
That through my heart
From Cupid's bow has morric'd,
Were it a tree,
Why I should be,
For all the world a forest;
Five hundred fops,
With shrugs and hops,
And leers, and smiles, and smirkings,
Most willing she,
Would leave for me,
Oh what a Peggy Perkins.

THE JOLLY FISHERMAN.

I AM a jolly fisherman,
I catch what I can get,
Still going on my betters' plan,
All's fish that comes to net;

Fish,

Fiſh, juſt like men, I've often caught,
Crabs, gudgeons, poor John, cod fiſh,
And many a time to market brought,
A dev'liſh ſight of odd fiſh.
Thus all are fiſhermen through life,
With wary pains and labour,
This bates with gold, and that a wife,
And all to catch his neighbour:
Then praiſe the jolly fiſherman,
Who takes what he can get,
Still going on his betters' plan,
All's fiſh that comes to net.
The pike, to catch the little fry,
Extends his greedy jaw,
For all the world, as you and I,
Have ſeen your men of law;
He who to lazineſs devotes,
His time, is ſure a numb fiſh,
And members who give ſilent votes,
May fairly be call'd a dumb fiſh:
Falſe friends to eels we may compare,
The roach reſembles true ones;
Like gold fiſh we find old friends rare,
Plenty as herrings new ones.
Then praiſe, &c.
Like fiſh then mortals are a trade,
And trapp'd, and ſold, and bought;
The old wife and the tender maid,
Are both with tickling caught;
Indeed the fair are caught 'tis ſaid,
If you but throw the line in,
With maggots, flies, or ſomething red,
Or any thing that's ſhining:
With ſmall fiſh you muſt lie in wait,
For thoſe of high condition,
But 'tis alone a golden bait,
Can catch a learn'd phyſician.
Then praiſe, &c.

IRISH DRINKING SONG.

OF the ancients its ſpeaking my ſoul you'd be after,
Dat they never got how come you ſo?
Would you fariouſly make the good folks die with laughter?
To be ſure their dog's tricks we don't know.
Wid your ſmalliliow nonſenſe, and all your queer bodderns,
Since whiſky's a liquor divine,
To be ſure the old ancients, as well as the moderns,
Did not love a ſly ſup of good wine.
Apicius and Æſop, as authors aſſure us,
Would ſwig till as drunk as a beaſt,
Den what do you think of that rogue Epicurus?
Was not he a tight hand at a feaſt.
Wid your ſmalliliow, &c.
Alexander the Great, at his banquets who drank hard,
When he no more worlds could ſubdue,
Shed tears to be ſure, but 'twas tears of the tankard
To refreſh him, and pray would not you?
Wid your ſmalliliow, &c.
Den dat t'other old fellow they call'd Ariſtotle,
Such a devil of a tipler was he,
That one night, having taken too much of his bottle,
The taef ſtagger'd into the ſea.
Wid your ſmalliliow, &c.
Den they made what they call of their wine a libation,
Which, as all authority quotes,
They threw on the ground, muſha what boderation,
To be ſure 'twas not thrown down their troats.
Wid your ſmalliliow, &c.

AIRS in the *COTTAGE MAID.*

AIR—Mr. *Incledon.*

THE lark's been up an hour or more,
The hair-bells drop their balmy dew;
O! liſt! thy lover's at the door,
And waits, my deareſt girl, for you.

Miſs *Broadhurſt.*

How ſoon thy voice muſt Lydia hear,
To me more welcome than the ſun;
For till the ſound ſalutes mine ear,
The day to me is not begun.

Both.

We muſt be gone! oh haſte, my dear!
The mountain's miſt will break away,
And not a friendly grove is near,
To ſcreen you from the ſcorching day.

AIR—Miſs *Broadhurſt.*

LIKE the dew drops of the morning,
To the lowlieſt flow'r that blows:
Or the orient light adorning,
Thro' their gems, the drooping roſe.

So, when mov'd by our diſtreſſes,
Wakely kindly takes a part;
Every word a balm poſſeſſes,
Every look revives my heart.

AIR—Mr. *Incledon.*

WITH warm affection in my heart,
I will not brook a tyrant's claim;
Oh! could I bear with thee to part,
I cannot live to know thy ſhame.

Oh, by that gently falling tear,
A great revenge my ſoul will prove;
By every ſigh that ſpeaks thy fear,
Thy Wakely will deſerve thy love.

AIR—Mr. *Banniſter.*

THE Britiſh ſeaman's manly breaſt,
Can never with baſe paſſion glow;
Of all mankind the friend profeſs'd,
But of his country's deadly foe.

Rouz'd at the word,
He ſprings on board,
Enough to have her danger known;
With glory fir'd,
Like one inſpir'd,
He makes the ſacred cauſe his own.

Wide as her ſwelling ſails appear,
Her might is felt, is known her fame;
And diſtant foes at once revere
And tremble at her ſeaman's name.
Rouz'd at the word, &c.

AIR—Mr. *Munden.*

ODDZOOKERS! to night, at the cloſe of the fair,
How the girls, full of glee, will come titt'ring along;
Ah, Robin, by moonlight, will ſurely be there,
Have his ſhare of the joke, and be loud in the ſong.

Ha, ha, ha, ha! I long to go,
Such ſqueaking then, good lack-a-daiſy:
Smiling, joking, kiſſing, coaxing, tickling, giggling ſo!

Over

Over ſtile,
Many a mile,
How the ſmuggling dogs will ſqueeze 'em,
To confeſs,
More or leſs,
Zounds, I'll try if I can't pleaſe 'em.

More charming to I than the bloſſoms in May,
In their holiday trim are the wenches all clad:
For at eve they be always ſo friſky and gay,
To be one among 'em, I always am mad.
Ha, ha, ha, ha! I long to go, &c.

AIR—Mr. *Munden*.

WHEN I return with courage bold,
Lord! how the volks will ſtare!
And all my pockets lin'd with gold,
For blue-ey'd Bet ſo fair.
I'll doff my frock for jacket blue,
And trowſers all ſo white;
And Bet ſhall own my love is true,
When 'tis for her I fight.

No more the girls ſhall jeer me ſo—
And call me ſheepiſh lout;
When tight as any I ſhall grow,
And with a heart as ſtout.
I'll doff my frock, &c.

AIR—Miſs *Broadhurſt*.

NATURE always is enchanting,
Summer fair, or Winter drear,
Nought to aid her charms is wanting,
When my ſoul's delight is near.

Spring's

Spring's fair hope, and Autumn's treaſure,
In their turns enrapture me;
Neither can afford me pleaſure,
Abſent deareſt youth, from thee.
Charms I view in every flow'r,
Muſic hear in ev'ry gro e;
Pleas'd with ſun-ſhine or with ſhow'r,
When I can behold my love.
Flow'rs without thee, round me cluſter,
Muſic ſoothes the grove in vain;
Yon bleſt ſun-beams loſe their luſtre,
Pleaſure's ſelf is chang'd to pain.

AIR—Mr. *Banniſter*.

FAREWEL, my love, the anchor's weigh'd,
I can no longer ſtay!
But who ſhall guard my deareſt maid,
When I am far away?
When cold and dark the angry main
Shall rock the crew to ſleep;
And I the lonely ſtation gain,
The midnight watch to keep.
Thy beauteous form, in that drear hour,
Shall ſoften my diſtreſs;
And memory's all ſoothing pow'r
Shall make the hardſhip leſs.
Then dry thy tears, 'tis all in vain,
Do not thy health deſtroy;
Nor weep, till when we meet again,
Thy tears ſhall flow for joy.

AIR—Mr. *Incledon*.

SWEET breathes the woodbine round thy
hallow'd dwelling,
Freſh blooms the roſe, thy virgin bluſh reveal-
ing;

Spring

Spring o'er thy meadow fans her pureſt breezes,
Soft as the ſighs thy gentle heart confeſſes,
Lovely Lydia,
Nymph of the mountain!

The matin lark to chaſe thy balmy ſlumbers,
From thy bleſt bower pours her liquid numbers;
Pleas'd Philomel at eve with equal duty,
Chaunts in the ſolitude that ſhade thy beauty,
Lovely Lydia,
Nymph of the mountain!

But love, dear angel, every joy poſſeſſing,
Can give to each delight it's only bleſſing:
E'en now he ſighs—oh, heed the ſoft intruſion,
Sweet is enchantment, where there's no deluſion,
Lovely Lydia,
Nymph of the mountain!

AIR—Miſs *Broadhurſt.*

SIR, you ſee a cottage girl,
Having all her wares to ſell,
With all that's choice and charming.

Yes, indeed, a cottage laſs,
Blameleſs, blythe, and gay;
Tripping lightly o'er the graſs
At fairing time,
Will nothing ſuit you pray?

Pray now chuſe before I go,
Something here you like, I know,
I'll go as low as may be.
I am, indeed, a cottage laſs, &c.

Air.

AIR—FINAL CHORUS.

COME, beauty, choiceſt treaſure,
With love, the ſoul of pleaſure,
O happy beyond meaſure
We'll trip with merry glee.

Miſs *Broadhurſt* and Mr. *Incledon*.

What lordling ſo great,
But muſt envy our ſtate,
For of nature's beſt gifts we have got a full ſhare;
Then we'll dance free and gay,
And be thankful to-day,
Since to-morrow may bring us it's care.
Come beauty, choiceſt treaſure, &c.

Mr. *Banniſter*.

Let's haſte to the bowl,
Where each jovial ſoul
Shall make the whole country with loyalty ring;
And each heart of oak
Shall his courage provoke,
With bumpers to God ſave the King.
Come beauty, choiceſt treaſure, &c.

Mr. *Munden*.

Let the dance and the ſong,
Your good humour prolong,
For the damſels you know muſt have ſomething to do;
Who e'er knew delight?
Ban. Who ever could fight?
Till he toy'd with the girl that was true.
Come beauty, choiceſt treaſure, &c.

A Few

A FEW SELECTED SONGS IN THE *KENTISH BARONS.*

AIR—Mr. *Johnſtone.*

EQUAL to all the gods is he,
Who's favour'd by one ſmile from thee:
That accent ſweet, that tender air,
Would vanquiſh death and calm deſpair.
Ah! now I feel the ſubtle flame,
Which ſhoots like light'ning thro' my frame,
And blaſted by the heavenly fire,
Without one murmuring ſigh expire.

AIR—Mr. *Banniſter, jun.*

OH dear! dear! dear! I ſure ſhall die,——
Poor Gam with ſorrow is ſo dry;
Oh! how I'd weep if every tear,
Wou'd turn from water into beer.
Oh dear, dear, dear!
Oh! I was once ſo blythe and merry,
I friſk'd and jump'd like uncork'd Perry:
I'm now grown languid, dull, and dumb,
I've no more liquor left, but——Mum.

SONG—Mrs. *Kemble.*

ALAS! alas! my faithful friend,
My ſorrows, but with life can end;
Oh! Clifford! I would not complain,
Did I alone feel all the pain.
Full well I know, thou gen'rous youth!
Thy honour, conſtancy, and truth;
My mind's from baſe ſuſpicion free,
While thine is rack'd with jealouſy.

SONG

SONG—Mr. *Bannister, jun.*

TWELVE years ago I went to woo,
The comfort of my life, my Sue;
I then was twenty-eight and you,
My pretty chick—were forty-two.
Forty-two,
Forty two;
My pretty chick—were twenty-two

Runs time as glibly as of yore,
You muſt be verging on threeſcore;
But women now grow old no more,
And Suſan blooms at fifty-four;
And Suſan blooms at thirty-four, fifty-four;—
And Suſan blooms at thirty-four.

SONG—Mrs. *Kemble.*

AH, why! ah, why! ye heavenly pow'rs,
Why in my life's more early day,
Strew'd ye my eaſy path with flowers,
To make more ſharp this thorny way.

Yet ſtill, will I invoke thy aid,
Still lift to you my fervent prayer;
Take pity on a helpleſs maid,
And turn her footſteps from deſpair.

QUINTETTO and CHORUS.

TIS love that now my boſom fires,
'Tis wine which now the ſoul inſpires,
Friendſhip and gratitude ſhall prove
At leaſt a match for wine and love;
Then let us hail the league divine,
Of love, of friendſhip, and of wine.

Fortune

Fortune our virtuous ſchemes ſhall bleſs,
'Twere cowardly to doubt ſucceſs;
Where friendſhip leads,
Where wine inſpires,
And ardent love the boſom
Then let us hail the league divine,
Of love, of friendſhip, and of wine.

DUET—Mr. *Johnſtone.*

SAY, lovely Emma, do your eyes,
Diſcover me through this diſguiſe;
Or does my voice inform your ear,
Your love, your fond deliverer's near.

Mrs. *Kemble.*

Yes, gallant youth, I know thee well,
But tell, my love, O prithee tell,
How from this caſtle I may fly,
With Edward live, with Edward die.

Both.

The hopes which ſwell my anxious breaſt,
In accents true, though faint ſuggeſt,
That from this caſtle I may fly,
With Emma live, with Emma die.

Finale.

LET Cupid ſhake his ſportive wings,
While round the loves and graces fly;
Apollo touch the trembling ſtrings,
And Hymen lift his torch on high.

Mrs. *Kemble* and Mr. *Johnſtone.*

Our fears are gone, the tempeſt paſt,
Here adverſe winds no more annoy!
Our veſſel, ſafely moor'd at laſt,
Caſts anchor in the port of joy.

SOME OF THE BEST AIRS IN THE *CAVE of TROPHONIUS.*

AIR—Mrs. *Crouch.*

LOVERS how to gain—we all diſcover,
But love with Hymen's chain—is ſaid to end;
I reſolve and vow—to keep my lover—
I'll quickly tell you how—if you'll attend.

If to wrath inclin'd—a word provokes him;
With gentle ſpeech and kind—I'll anger cool:
If with trouble croſs'd—I'll ſooth and coax him,
Not think it labour loſt—a ſpouſe to rule.

Blithe if he appear—I'll laugh and chatter,
But then, if grave his air—I'll ſilent be;
Whatſoe'er his will—may be, no matter,
He'll ſurely have it ſtill—the ſame for me.

Humble looks I'll wear—if he ſhould grieve me,
But ſharp reſentment ne'er—he ſhall diſcern;
Never croſs, but ſad—if he will leave me,
And I'll be ever glad—if he return.

Pleas'd at home to ſtay—when thus I find him,
I'll ſtrive, with converſe gay—the hours, t'improve;
He'll forbear to roam—if nothing binds him,
Who ſtill to ſmiles comes home—his home will love.

AIR—Mr. *Kelly.*

TELL not me, Love's dang'rous ſnare,
Is lodg'd in dimples ſoft and ſleek;
Tell me not each face is fair,
Becauſe the roſe is on the cheek.

Eyes,

Eyes, that glow with inward fire,
Lines that ſpeak the feeling ſoul,
More awaken ſoft deſire,
More the boſom's thoughts controul.

AIR—Mrs. *Bland.*

WITH idle tales you fill my head,
But, ſince with me you cannot wed,
'Tis ſure a wicked plan;
At home you may go bill and coo,
But maidens you've no right to woo,
Since you're a married man.
Give o'er your teazing, 'tis in vain,
From me your ſuit will nothing gain,
But end as it began;
I'd fix, were I to love inclin'd,
Upon a ſingle ſwain my mind,
Not on a married man.

AIR—Mr. *Dignum.*

AT eve, as I ſung of my fair,
The ſhepherds all ſmil'd at my lay;
Adviſ'd me the nymph to forſwear,
And jeſtingly made me be gay.
I vow'd, that a look to obtain,
I'd part with my crook and my fold;
My ſuit, they reply'd, would be vain,
For her heart to all others was cold.
Thoſe eyes that like diamond's glow,
May pity more brightly adorn;
Unmov'd will ſhe look on my woe,
Can paſſion unfeign'd be her ſcorn.
How true and how conſtant I'll prove,
Ah! had I the art to unfold,
She'd deign to accept of my love,
Though her heart to all others be cold.

AIR—Signora *Storace.*

THROUGH twilight gloom, where groves embow'r the vale,
Oft let me rove with ſilent ſtep and ſlow;
And hear, far off, the lowly murm'ring gale,
To fancy's ear impart the ſounds of woe.

Some turtle ſad repeats her mournful cry,
And cooing moans, in widow'd ſtate forlorn;
Some faithful youth's or maiden's parting ſigh,
On fairy wings to diſtant plains is borne.
Through twilight gloom, &c.

INVOCATION—Mr. *Sedgwick.*

Ariſto. OH! wond'rous ſage, whoſe magic might,
Unſeen, unknown, theſe realms of night,
Amid their ſhades confeſs;
A wretched parent's anguiſh hear,
From gloom profound, ariſe, appear,
Thy ſupplicant's vow to bleſs.

CAVATINA—Signora *Storace.*

WHEN the ſun is riſen, and the meads are gay,
Merry chants the lark, ah! merrily;
Sweet the linnet carols on the ſhepherd's way,
Stepping o'er the dale, ah, bonnily!
See the ſwains advancing,
Light and airy dancing;
Follow to the fields, ah merrily!
Tripping ever featly,
Singing ever ſweetly,
Hey! along the dale, ah, bonnily.

THE MOST APPROVED AIRS, &c. IN *OSCAR and MALVINA.*

AIR—*The* PEDLAR—Mr. *Munden.*

I AM a jolly gay pedlar,
Come here to ſell my ware;
Yet tho' in all things I'm a medler,
I meddle moſt with the fair.
When I ſhew my ribbands to miſſes,
Tho' copper and ſiller I gain;
Yet better I'm pleas'd with the bliſſes,
That I cannot now explain.
I am a jolly gay pedlar, &c.

Fools ſay that this life is but ſorrow,
And ſeem diſinclined to be gay;
But why ſhou'd we think of to-morrow,
When we may be happy to-day.
I rove round the world for my pleaſure,
Reſol'v'd to take nothing amiſs;
And think my exiſtence a treaſure,
When bleſt with the cup and the kiſs.

They ſurely are thick-headed aſses,
Who know that youth's gone in a crack,
Yet will not enjoy, as it paſſes,
The ſeaſon that never comes back.
Let time jog on ſlower, or quicker,
Or whether we're ſilly, or wiſe;
We ſhall not be worſe for good liquor,
Or the ſmiles of a girl with black eyes.

AIR—*Two Bards.*

SONGS of triumph let us raiſe,
To the mighty Fingal's praiſe;

Not the rending ſtorm that flies,
Through the deſart or the ſkies:
Not the falling flames of night,
Give the ſoul ſuch dire affright,
As the hero's burning lance,
When his wond'ring foes advance.
In his val'rous deeds we trace,
The glories of his ancient race.

CHORUS.

Songs of triumph let us raiſe
To the mighty Fingal's praiſe.

QUARTETTO.

Tho' the ſcene of exiſtence be clouded with care,
Yet valour and beauty it's evils beguile;
To theſe ſhall the worthy, the gentle repair,
Or to live, or to die, by the ſword and the ſmile.
Thus the eagle ſublime, through the regions of day,
On wings of dominion majeſtical ſails;
While the dove tells her tale to the ſycamore ſpray,
And at once is the ſolace and pride of the vales.

CHORUS.

Songs of triumph let us raiſe,
To the mighty Fingal's praiſe.

TRIO.—*By Peaſants.*

LET the merry pipe and tabor,
Tell the ending of our labour,
Take your glaſs each honeſt neighbour,
Hang all care and ſorrow!

Flowing

Flowing bowls the heart inſpiring,
Beauty's charms the boſom firing,
Every youth and maid deſiring,
Never fear to-morrow.

Second Peaſant.

Let the old and churliſh miſer,
Be of mirth the dull deſpiſer,
Steal to bed and think he's wiſer,
We diſdain his rigour.

Heavy ſleep whilſt he is taking,
We to ſocial rites awaking,
Revel till the morn is breaking,
Still with ſprightly vigour.

Third Peaſant.

Come, then, ev'ry hearty fellow,
Be he ſober, be he mellow,
Let cold caution vainly bellow,
We have better reaſon.

We poſſeſs of life the treaſure,
Quaff the cup and taſte the pleaſure
Love can give us without meaſure,
At this happy ſeaſon.

DUET—Mrs. *Martyr* and Mrs. *Mountain.*

OH! ever in my boſom live,
Thou ſource of endleſs pleaſure!
Since nothing elſe on earth can give
So dear ſo rich a treaſure.

True

True love perhaps may bring alarms,
Or be but loſs of reaſon;
Yet ſtill it adds to Summer's charms,
And cheers the wintry ſeaſon.

The luſtre of the great and gay,
Is tranſitory faſhion;
Whilſt pure and laſting is the ray,
Of unaffected paſſion:
When danger threats the peaſant's cot,
And cruel cares aſsail it;
Affection's ſmiles ſhall ſoothe his lot,
Or bid him not bewail it.

Then let us each on each rely,
A mutual tranſport borrow:
The ſlaviſh forms of life defy,
And artificial ſorrow.
Content, we'll ſport, and laugh and ſing,
Grow livlier and jocoſer;
While time, that fleets on envious wing,
Shall bind our hearts the cloſer.

QUARTETTO.—*By Bards.*

WHO ſhall deſerve the glowing praiſe,
Of the rapt bards' exalted lays?
None can deſerve it but the brave!
In life he gains the meed divine,
And holy hands freſh laurels twine,
To decorate the hero's grave.

Prove then the burning proud delight!
And ruſh indignant to the fight,
Let glory be your leading ſtar:
'Tis endleſs infamy to fly—
But bleſt with honor he ſhall die,
Who falls amid the rank of war.

CHORUS

CHORUS.—*By all the Bards and Peaſants.*

OSCAR, like the orb of day,
Drives each threat'ning ſtorm away;
Far before his blazing eye,
Swift the mingled ſquadrons fly.
Let us then united raiſe
Songs of triumph to his praiſe.

FINALE.——*Firſt Peaſant.*

WHEN the battle's rage is ended,
And each danger over;
Smiles and tears by beauty blended,
Recompence the lover.

Second Peaſant.

Heroes now, their lances gleaming,
Are no more of ſlaughter dreaming;
But bright eyes, with fondneſs beaming,
Recompence the lover.

Third Peaſant and *Chorus.*

When the battle's rage is ended, &c.

Fourth Peaſant.

Sportive ſong and dance inviting,
Every youthful heart delighting,
Prove that nobler joys than fighting,
Recompence the lover.

CHORUS.

When the battle's rage is ended, &c.

The

The following Songs were ſung laſt Seaſon at
VAUXHALL.

WHILE HIGH THE FOAMING SURGES RISE.

WHILE high the foaming ſurges riſe,
And pointed rocks appear,
Loud thunders rattle in the ſkies,
Yet ſailors muſt not fear.
In ſtorms, in wind,
Their duty mind;
Above, below,
They chearful go,
To reef, or ſteer, as 'tis deſign'd;
No fears or dangers fill the mind.

The ſignal for the line is made,
The haughty foe's in ſight:
The bloody flag aloft diſplay'd,
And fierce the dreadful fight.
Each minds his gun,
No dangers ſhun;
Aloft, below,
They chearful go:
Tho' thunders roar, yet ſtill we find,
No fears alarm the ſailor's mind.

The ſtorm is huſh'd, the battle's o'er,
The ſky is clear again;
We toſs the can to thoſe on ſhore,
While we are on the main.
To Poll and Sue,
Sincere and true;
The grog goes round,
With pleaſure crown'd.
In war, or peace, alike you'll find,
That honour fills a ſailor's mind.

THE

THE POOR PEASANT.

THO' the Muſes ne'er ſmile by the light o the ſun,
Yet they viſit my cot, when my labour is done;
And while on my pillow of ſtraw I recline,
A wreath of ſweet flow'rets they ſportively twine:
But in vain the fair damſels weave chaplet for me,
Since my heart is devoted, dear Mary, to thee!

Full oft I reflect on my indigent ſtate;
But reflection, and reaſon, are ever too late;
They tell me, I ſigh for too beauteous a fair,
And fill my ſad boſom with doubts and deſpair.
Then Hope, kindly ſmiling, averts their decree;
For my heart is devoted, dear Mary, to thee.

When the ſhrill pipe and tabor proclaim the light dance,
With tranſport I ſee my dear Mary advance;
Then ſuch grace ſhe diſplays, while ſhe trips 'midſt the throng,
That each ſhepherd with raptures to her tunes his ſong:
But by none ſhe's belov'd with ſuch truth a by me;
For my heart is devoted, dear Mary, to thee.

I'M IN HASTE.

AS croſs the fields the other morn,
I tripp'd ſo blithe and gay;
The 'Squire, with his dog and gun,
By chance came by that way.
Whither ſo faſt, ſweet maid? he cry'd;
And caught me round the waiſt:
Pray, ſtop awhile.—Dear Sir, ſaid I,
I can't, for I'm in haſte.

You

You muſt not go as yet, cry'd he;
For I have much to ſay;
Come, ſit you down, and let us chat,
Upon this new-mown hay.
I've lov'd you long, and oft have wiſh'd
Thoſe ruby lips to taſte:
I'll have a kiſs!—Well, then, ſaid I,
Be quick, for I'm in haſte.

Juſt as I ſpoke, I ſaw young Hodge,
Come thro' a neighbouring gate;
He caught my hand, and cry'd—Dear girl,
I fear, I've made you wait!
But here's the ring; come, let's to church,
The joys of love to taſte!
I left the 'Squire; and, laughing, cry'd—
You ſee, Sir, I'm in haſte.

FICKLE BLISS.

Sung by Mrs. Addiſon.

FICKLE bliſs, fantaſtic treaſure,
Love, how ſoon thy joys are paſt!
Since we ſoon muſt loſe the pleaſure,
O 'twere better ne'er to taſte!

Cruel thoughts, that pain, yet pleaſe me,
Ah! no more my reſt deſtroy;
Shew me ſtill, if you would eaſe me,
Love's deceit, but not it's joy.

Gods! what kind, yet cruel powers,
Force my will, to rack my mind!
Ah! too long we wait for flowers,
Soon, too ſoon, to fade deſign'd.

DA CAPO.

I LOO HIM DEARLY.

MY mither ſhe makes ſic a din,
Becauſe young Patie woos me;
Yet on the lad I canna blin,
For well I ken he loos me.
Na fault in him I canna find,
He ſpeaks ſa kind and fairly,
'Tis he alane can pleaſe my mind;
For, troth, I loo him dearly.

Sa ſweetly on the pipe he plays,
And ſings ſo ſaft a ditty,
While round my ewes are ſeen to graze,
To ſcorn him were a pity!
To him, I vow, I'll be ſincere,
And ever ſpeak him fairly;
For, in my heart, I muſt declare,
In troth, I loo him dearly.

My mither, and my daddy too,
May ſcold, indeed, and teaze me;
Yet I've a right to chuſe my Joe,
The only one to pleaſe me:
To wed wi him I am inclin'd,
To-morrow morning early;
And then, baith aw my kin and kind,
Will ſee I loo him dearly.

THE ROSE WITH SWEET FRAGRANCE DELIGHTS.

THE roſe with ſweet fragrance delights,
And ſweet is the eglantine breeze;
But in Colin all ſweetneſs unites,
For Colin for ever could pleaſe.
Yet now, in each wood, and ſad grove,
I mourn that my joys are no more:
The ſhepherd is falſe, yet I love;
He is fickle, yet ſtill I adore.

How ſoft was each note, when he ſung!
His accents, how tender and ſweet!
And honey, ſure, dropp'd from his tongue,
When my praiſes the ſwain would repeat.

But now, in each wood, and ſad grove,
I mourn that my joys are no more:
The ſhepherd is falſe, yet I love!
He is fickle, yet ſtill I adore.
When he hears my ſad knell o'er the lawn,
Perhaps he may ſhed a fond tear;
Perhaps, he may ſigh all forlorn,
For Phillis that lov'd him ſo dear.
Yet now, in each wood, &c.

MY SHEPHERD GONE ASTRAY.

O TELL me, ye gentle nymphs and ſwains,
Paſs'd my dear Damon o'er your plains?
O chear with hope my lonely way:
I ſeek my love, that's gone aſtray!

Leads he his flock along the mead,
Or does he ſeek the cooler ſhade?
O teach a hapleſs maid the way,
To find her ſhepherd gone aſtray!

Obſerve, ye fair, the truant ſwain:
A manly ſoftneſs crowns his mien;
Adonis was not half ſo fair;
And when he ſings, 'tis heav'n to hear.
Leads he his flock, &c.

Ye nymphs, the ſweets of freedom prize,
And ſhun the witchcraft of his eyes:
Fly from his charms; nor ſtay too long,
To hear his ſoft, enchanting ſong.
Leads he his flock, &c.

DIE AN OLD MAID.

WHEN I liv'd with my granam, on yon
little green,
As good an old woman as ever was ſeen,
She oft read me lectures of prudence and care,
And bade me, of all things, of men to beware.
Said ſhe—"They will flatter, and lye, and
deceive;
And you're loſt, my dear Roſe, if you dare to
believe"
I thought it was ſtrange; and, indeed, was
afraid
It would be my hard fortune to die an old maid.

I met with young Colin, one night, in the grove,
He talk'd of the joys and the pleaſures of love;
But my grandmother's lectures ſo ran in my
head,
I could not attend to a word that he ſaid.
Thought I, what a fuſs the old women all make,
I think, in my heart, they muſt make a miſtake;
For if ev'ry young girl of the men were afraid,
Why my granam herſelf muſt have been an old
maid.

The next time young Colin his courtſhip re-
new'd,
I candidly own'd that my heart was ſubdu'd:
He ſwore that he lov'd me as dear as his life;
And, if I'd conſent, he would make me his wife.
Then begg'd, the next morn I'd his wiſhes ful-
fil;
Says I—'E'en let grandmother ſcold as ſhe will,
Of ſo gentle a ſwain I ſhall ne'er be afraid;
And 'tis better to marry, than die an old maid.'

LET PHILOSOPHERS PRATE.

LET philoſophers prate about reaſon and rules,
And preach muſty maxims deſign'd but for fools;
From a briſk ſparkling bowl brighter ſentiments flow,
And I find myſelf wiſer, the deeper I go.
We can teach them to live, and by practice explain,
What in theory only they ever could gain:
Draw the cloud from their eyes, that o'erſhadows the ſoul,
And enlighten their heads with a ſup from my bowl.

May the pedant be loſt in his phantom purſuit,
While I revel in wine, and with bumpers recruit;
Since the wiſeſt can never perfection attain,
Why ſhould life proffer ſweets and enjoyments in vain!
Let not man, then, his time, in ſuch foppery waſte,
Or refuſe mingled ſweets with the bitters to taſte;
But thus let him waft to Elyſium his ſoul,
In an ocean of liquor, his veſſel the bowl.

Relax'd from the cares of the world let me live,
'Gainſt the rude ſtream of life that I never may ſtrive;
With a friend to partake, and a girl to adore,
What mortal ſo happy, what man could wiſh more?
Dull, mechanical mortals, may look, and repine,
Their hearts ne'er can glow with ſuch feelings as mine;

But

But ſuch feelings, ſuch joys, receive birth in the ſoul,
When thus mellow'd, thus rear'd, and refin'd in my bowl.

THE COTTAGER'S DAUGHTER.

AH! tell me, ye ſwains, have ye ſeen my Paſtora;
O ſay, have you met the ſweet nymph in your way!
Tranſcendent as Venus, and blithe as Aurora,
From Neptune's bed riſing to hail the new day.
Forlorn do I wander, and long time have ſought her,
The faireſt, the rareſt, for ever my theme;
A goddeſs in form, tho' a cottager's daughter,
That dwells on the borders of Aln's winding ſtream.

Tho' lordlings ſo gay, and young ſquires have ſought her,
To link her fair hand in the conjugal chain;
Devoid of ambition, the cottager's daughter,
Convinc'd them their flatt'ry and offers were vain!
When firſt I beheld her, I fondly beſought her;
My heart did her homage, and love was my theme;
She vow'd to be mine, the ſweet cottager's daughter,
That dwells on the borders of Aln's winding ſtream.

Then why, thus, alone does ſhe leave me to languiſh,
Paſtora to ſplendor could ne'er yield her hand;
Ah! no: ſhe returns, to remove my fond anguiſh;
O'er her heart love and truth ſtill retain the command!
The wealth of Golconda could never have bought her,
For love, truth, and conſtancy, ſtill is her theme.
Then give me, kind Hymen, the cottager's daughter,
That dwells on the borders of Aln's winding ſtream.

THE BANKS OF TWEED.

JUST when the blooming, fragrant ſpring,
Proclaim'd the approach of May;
When in the groves the blackbirds ſing
Their chearful notes on ev'ry ſpray;
Young Sandy ſought the rural green,
The ruſtic dance, the tuneful reed,
And Jenny's charms firſt caught his e'en,
Upon the verdant banks of Tweed.

She was ſa fair, ſa blithe a laſs,
She danc'd and mov'd like any queen;
Her ſmiles would May-day morn ſurpaſs,
And laughing love was in her e'en:
From roſy morn to night he'd rove,
And to ſoft ſtrains he tun'd his reed;
He ſang of bonny Jane, and love.
Upon the verdant banks of Tweed.

The

The god of Love was Sandy's friend,
And look'd wi' gentle pity down,
A pointed dart did quickly ſend,
And made the bonny laſs his own.
More fair, and dear, ſince marriage vow,
To her and love he tunes his reed;
In ſweet delights they revel now,
Upon the verdant banks of Tweed.

SHE IS MISTAKEN.

LORD! what a fuſs my mother made,
When Colin came this way;
Becauſe he caught me in his arms,
And kiſs'd me t'other day:
She ſcolded me both day and night,
And was in ſuch a taking!
But if ſhe thinks, I'll not have him,
I'm ſure ſhe is miſtaken.

I told her, Colin lov'd me well,
And meant not to deceive me;
And ſaid, that from my preſent need
He quickly would relieve me.
But mother ſaid, he was a wag,
Who'd ſet my heart to aching;
And if I thought he'd marry me,
I ſurely was miſtaken.

I knew 'twas falſe, but thought it beſt
To feign that I believ'd her;
And ſo, by playing cunningly,
Compleatly have deceiv'd her:
And we've agreed, to-morrow morn,
Before ſhe thinks of waking,
To tie the knot, that ſoon will ſhew
How much ſhe is miſtaken.

MAKE

MAKE AN END ON'T.

NOT long before the break of day,
When weary ſol was waning,
Reclin'd upon a flow'ry brae,
Young Sandy ſat complaining:
O what a gowk was I to love,
Sae mickle time to ſpend on't;
Since Meg will neither kinder prove,
Nor frankly make an end on't!

Since Meg began to ſcrowl and flyte,
And torture me wi' ſcorning,
I joyleſs gang to bed at night,
And riſe with grief at morning:
But let her flout, and ſlight my love,
For, troth, ſhe may depend on't,
If ſhe's unkind, I'll ſcornful prove,
And ſo will make an end on't.

Now ſcarce had Sandy utter'd this,
Ere Meg appear'd, whoſe beauty
Pourtray'd the ſcenes of future bliſs,
And brought him to his duty:
O take my heart, dear Meg! ſaid he,
Indeed, you may depend on't;
Then led her to the kirk with glee,
And there they made an end on't.

LA PAUVRE NANETTE.

CUPID! cruel knave of hearts,
Fond beguiler of the fair;
Hear a novice in thy arts,
Save a damſel from deſpair!
Pity me; O pity me!
Shall I take him?
Or forſake him?

Shall

Shall I own his power yet?
Love diſtracts me,
Duty racks me!
La Pauvre Nanette!

Cupid! whiſper in his ear,
All the anxious cares I feel:
Let my glowing bluſh declare,
What my boſom would conceal.
Pity me; O pity me! &c.

Yet, inconſtant ſhould he prove,
All my tender hopes are vain!
Henry frowns upon my love;
Nanette ne'er can ſmile again!
Pity me; O pity me! &c.

WILLY OF THE DALE.

WHEN ſpring, diſpenſing ſweets around,
In gayeſt livery deck'd the ground;
Juſt when the fragrant breath of morn
Had ſhook the dew-drops from the thorn,
To yonder mead my flock I led,
And gaily caroll'd as they fed—
Of all the ſwains who trip the green,
Or pipe in yonder vale,
None look ſo neat, or pipe ſo ſweet,
As Willy of the Dale!

My heart came flutt'ring to my tongue,
As thus my Willy's praiſe I ſung:
But never, ſure, was ſilly maid,
By her own folly thus betray'd;
For, turning round, I ſaw the ſwain
Stand ſlily liſtening to the ſtrain.
My cheek he tapp'd, my hand he preſs'd,
And told ſo ſweet a tale;
Devoid of art, I gave my heart
To Willy of the Dale.

Near

Next morn he ſearch'd the fields and bowers,
To cull for me the ſweeteſt flowers;
Then cry'd—Theſe flowers, my charming fair,
The emblems of thy beauties are:
Let Hymen join us, then dear maid,
Before thoſe tranſient beauties fade?

In ſuch a gentle voice he woo'd,
How could he but prevail!
I vow'd, thro' life, to be the wife
Of Willy of the Dale.

MY LOVE FOR HENRY TO CONCEAL.

MY love for Henry to conceal,
I ev'ry art endeavour;
Yet ſtill my looks ſpeak what I feel,
For none I think ſo clever.
His ſparkling eye, and dimpl'd cheek,
Love's ſofteſt language ever ſpeak,
And him I'll love for ever.

Among the ſwains upon the green,
There's none can trip ſo featly;
His noble air, his graceful mien,
In all he looks ſo neatly.
His ſparkling eye, and dimpl'd cheek,
Love's ſofteſt language ever ſpeak,
And him I'll love for ever.

My mother chides, and blames my love,
And cries—Girl, will you never
My precepts to the world approve:
Your hearts you muſt diſſever!
I anſwer—I'll her precepts mind;
She to her love was ever kind,
And mine I'll love for ever.

THO'

THO' OUT OF SIGHT, NE'ER OUT OF MIND.

THE main with darkneſs mantl'd o'er,
The howling tempeſt blew;
Yet, dread of ſeeing thee no more,
Was all the fear I knew.
Tho' out of ſight, ne'er out of mind,
Thy ſailor, always true,
Regarded more than waves or wind,
The ſighs of lovely Sue.

But when we met the haughty foe,
And bullets round us flew;
With double ſtrength I gave each blow,
To merit thee, my Sue!
Tho' out of ſight, ne'er out of mind,
My heart ſtill fonder grew;
In Fancy's glaſs, to lovers kind,
I gaz'd on thee, my Sue.

If war, and all it's dire alarms,
Thy image can't remove;
When peace returns, thy beauteous charms
The greateſt bliſs muſt prove.
Tho' out of ſight, ne'er out of mind,
My heart was always true;
When preſent, thou wilt ever find,
I'll live for thee, my Sue.

AWAKE, MY FAIR.

AWAKE, my fair! ſweet Chloe, wake!
Thy true love calls to thee:
Come, lady! come, thy bed forſake,
And range the fields with me!
Come, let us to the green wood rove,
'Tis juſt the dawn of day:
Ariſe, I pr'ythee riſe, my love,
I can no longer ſtay.

Thy

The cock has crow'd three times, or more,
And wakes the village train;
Come, lady, ope thy chamber-door,
For here I can't remain.
Haſte, Chloe! haſte! my charmer, riſe;
Awake! make no delay:
The veil of night has left the ſkies,
I can no longer ſtay.

The lark, my fair, has fled his neſt,
And morn is growing late;
Come, lady! leave awhile thy reſt,
And 'tend me at the gate.
Sweet Chloe, come! thy promiſe keep;
'Tis, love, our bridal day!
We've other things to mind, than ſleep;
I can no longer ſtay!

THE TRUMPET'S SHRILL HORN.

WHEN the trumpet's ſhrill notes call'd the ſoldier to arms,
Each youth left ſoft pleaſure for war's rude alarms;
The trumpet's ſhrill notes led to conqueſt and fame,
And each youth is return'd with a hero's great name!

Fair beauty, now, invites each ſwain,
Where peace and pleaſure ever reign;
To fragrant wood and ſhady grove,
Sacred to friendſhip and to love.

When the trumpet's ſhrill notes ſhall again call to arms,
Again our protectors ſhall ſhield us from harms;
When the trumpet's ſhrill notes ſhall again lead to fame,
Bright conqueſt their valour and worth ſhall proclaim!

BONNY CHARLEY.

O DEARLY do I love to rove,
Among the fields of barley;
'Twas there that Charley told his love;
The blithe, the winſome Charley!
Then he ſo ſu'd, and he ſo woo'd,
And marriage was the parley;
What could I do, but buckle-too,
With bonny, bonny Charley!
O my bonny, bonny boy!
My bonny, bonny Charley!

I ken the laſſes rue the day
I ſought the fields of barley;
And ſtrive to win, from me, away,
The heart of winſome Charley!
But, ah! how vain; they canna gain
His love by all their parley:
And now they ſee, he wooes but me;
My bonny, bonny Charley.
O my bonny, &c.

O ilk a bleſſing on the laird
That owns the fields of barley;
And ken I him alone regard,
For he is winſome Charley:
The gentle youth, with pureſt truth,
So wooes me late and early,
I can't withſtand—to give my hand
To bonny, bonny Charley.
O my bonny, &c.

I LOVE THEM ALL.

SOME men with rapture view no cheeks,
Save where the roſe the lily ſtreaks;
And ſome no force of beau ty own
Except where each is ſeen alone:

So nice their taſte, they ſcarce can find,
A ſingle fair one to their mind.
Leſs ſqueamiſh far, the ſex I love;
And, like the bee, to all I rove.
Be they brown, or red, or white,
Woman, woman's my delight:
Plump, or ſlender, ſhort, or tall,
If they're kind, I love them all.

Where'er good-humour's ſun I ſee,
That face poſſeſſes charms for me;
And ſtill I find, in ev'ry fair,
Some ſecret treaſure, rich and rare:
In ſhape, in ſize, in air, in hue,
A ſomething pleaſing ſtill I view;
While fragrant breath, and heav'nly voice,
Teeth, lips, or eyes, aſſiſt my choice.
Be they brown, or red, &c.

Then let no coxcomb pert and vain,
Of ſhape or features dare complain;
Nor fill his empty head with whim,
The worſt is far too good for him;
For men of ſenſe and worth can find,
In form, complexion, or in mind,
Each of the lovely ſex poſſeſs
Some charm the wiſeſt man to bleſs.
Be they brown, or red, &c.

IN PURSUIT OF THE FASHION.

HARK forward's the word, and all join in the chace;
Ambition, and politicks, now muſt give place:
After fancy and folly we eagerly fly;
In purſuit of the faſhion, Hark forward's the cry.
Pell-mell after Cupid, each heart-wounding dame,
From ſixteen to ſixty's purſuing the game:

With

With their full-flowing treſſes, ſome hobble, ſome fly;
In purſuit of the faſhion, Hark forward's the cry.

Ding-dong, helter-ſkelter, the ſweet-ſcented beaux,
Ei her lead the purſuit, or fall in at the cloſe;
With their pockets ſo low, and their collars ſo high,
Purſuing the faſhion, Hark forward's the cry.

Let the faſhion be chang'd, it has laſted too long;
If it's conqueſt we aim at, we're all in the wrong:
To the fame of Old England, let each have an eye;
And her foes be the game, when Hark forward's the cry.

THE CARSE OF GOWRIE.

NA ſhepherd on the daiſied plain,
Like Johnny e'er can pleaſe me;
For how could they my favour gain,
Whoſe offers did but teaze me?
The ſhepherd dearly doats on me,
Full well I can diſcover;
And praiſe the place, with tuneful glee,
That gave me ſic a lover.
Of a' the vallies, north of Tweed,
That are ſa green and flow'ry,
There's nane of them can e'er exceed
The bonny Carſe of Gowrie.

Ye laſſes all, ſo blithe and bra',
As round the vale you're roving,
Can ye e'er ſee a lad ſa gay,
A lad ſa well worth loving?

Ah, me! I'm ſure you'll anſwer, No!
For nane you'll meet like Johnny;
Na lad to be compar'd, I trow,
He is ſa blithe and bonny.
Of a' the vallies, &c.

Young Johnny is ſa kind a ſwain,
I ever muſt adore him;
Na ſhepherd on the ſylvan plain,
Can ever come before him:
Reclining on yon downy brae,
He pipes ſa ſweet and charming,
I'm quite enchanted a' the day,
While love my heart is warming.
Of a' the vallies, &c.

THE ONLY COMPANION FOR ME.

I'M not very nice in the choice of a mate,
Yet therefore I'll tell you my mind;
Not one that's too humble, nor one that's too great,
But one that's good-humour'd and kind;
Not old, nor yet ugly, not blind, deaf, or lame,
But ſenſible, modeſt, and free;
Such a one, there's no doubt, my attention muſt claim,
The only companion for me.

The witty, too pretty, alike will be vain,
Have too much conceit of themſelves;
Their prating, and dreſſing, alike I diſdain,
They are ſuch fantaſtical elves:
Neat, chearful, diſcreet, and not prudiſhly nice,
But ſenſible, modeſt, and free;
Such a one I am willing to take, in a trice,
The only companion for me.

In

In this happy circle, are many, no doubt,
Like the picture I juſt have diſplay'd;
When I've finiſh'd my ſong, I ſhall then look about,
To find one I am not afraid.
A bleſſing ſo great, I would cheriſh and love,
To her ſtill be kind and free;
For it is ſuch a one, that will certainly prove
The only companion for me.

THE GOOD SHIP BRITANNIA.

Sung by Mr. Duffey *and* Mr. Darley.

Mr. Duffey.

IN a ſea-worthy ſhip, that the globe beats for fame,
We're embark'd, my brave lads, and Britannia's her name:
Our Captain, long try'd, ev'ry ſeaman reveres,
For the helm he gives up to the hand that beſt ſteers.

Chorus.

Be it war, be it peace, to our ſhip we'll keep true,
Nor e'er prove a cowardly, mutinous crew.

Mr. Darley.

Our foes, who diſlike any good thing ſhould thrive,
Want our ſhip, like their own, all at random to drive:
We aſk not their wiſdom, ſelf-confident elves,
'Tis well if they find it enough for themſelves.

Chorus. Be it war, &c.

Mr. Duffey.

Tho' by bowing, palaver, and ſuch ſort of ſtuff,
Smooth lubbers oft riſe o'er the honeſt and rough:

If they mend, why we're glad to ſee them better men;
And if they grow worſe, they muſt come down again.

Chorus. Be it war, &c.

Mr. Darley.

Our duty we know, and to us what is due,
Tho' the many are not ſo high-learn'd as the few:
Our Captain likes us, to a man we love him,
No ſailor need wiſh with a better to ſwim.

Chorus. Be it war, &c.

Mr. Duffey.

Then keel-haul the raſcals, by enemies ſent,
To fill the Britannia with foul diſcontent:
To the gangway belay them; there whipp'd, and well brin'd,
They'll find their own buſineſs ſufficient to mind.

Chorus. Be it war, &c.

Mr. Darley.

May the good ſhip Britannia in ſafety ſtill ſail,
And faction be baffled, juſt like a ſtiff gale;
Which, meaning to do us the cruelleſt wrong,
Well manag'd, but glides us more briſkly along.

Chorus. Be it war, &c.

Mr. Duffey.

To our Captain a bumper, with thrice three, I give:
In health and in happineſs long may he live;
From ſtorms, wounds, and ſuch like rough rubs, ſtill as free,
As a ſailor that's honeſt can e'er hope to be.

Chorus. Be it war, &c.

Mr.

Mr. Darley.

My brave meſſmates, attend to the lingo I ſing,
The Britannia's our Country, her Captain's our King:
And while ſhe keeps the ſea, and he bears kind command,
They deſerve all our hearts, and ſhall have ev'ry hand.

Chorus. Be it war, &c.

HEDSOR DALE.

EACH fluent bard, replete with wit,
In equal numbers ſhines;
And ſmoothly flows ſome fancy'd name,
To grace his poliſh'd lines.
He calls the Muſes to his aid,
In verſe he tells his amorous tale:
Be thou my Muſe, thou much-lov'd maid,
The faireſt flow'r of Hedſor Dale.

I feel the warm, the pleaſing fire,
Within my boſom roll;
And pureſt love, and chaſte deſire,
Steal ſoftly on my ſoul.
In vain I would the flame conceal,
And hide thoſe cares my heart aſſail:
My talk, and looks, and ſighs prevail;
I love the flow'r of Hedſor Dale.

What pity that a nymph ſo fair,
With winning ſhape and face,
Should be devoted to ſome clown,
Or ruſtick's rude embrace!
That form demands a better fate:
Sweet hope! perhaps I can prevail;
I'll try, before it be too late,
To cull the flow'r of Hedſor Dale.

THE

LOVE, CONSTANCY, AND TRUTH.

WERE Nancy but a rural maid,
And I her only ſwain,
We'd tend our flocks on flow'ry mead,
And on the verdant plain.
In Nancy ev'ry joy combine,
With grace, and blooming youth;
In her, with lucid brightneſs ſhine,
Love, conſtancy, and truth.

When Phœbus bright ſinks in the weſt,
And flocks are pent in fold,
Beneath a fav'rite tree we'll reſt,
In joys not to be told.
In Nancy, ev'ry, &c.

Let others fancy courtly joys,
I'd live in rural peace;
While wedded love, that never cloys,
Should crown our days in peace.
In Nancy, ev'ry, &c.

FAIR CELIA.

Pathetic Air.

WITH heavy breaſt and downcaſt eye,
Fair Celia trac'd the lawn;
And, ever and anon, ſhe wept
Her wretched ſtate forlorn.
Say, why, ye gods, am I thus doom'd
To waſte with grief and woes!
Why have ye torn him from my arms,
For whom my boſom glows!

Recitative

Recitative accompanied.

While thus with gloomy thoughts her mind was
fill'd,
Each anxious wish dire apprehension chill'd;
Her senses all absorb'd in deep despair,
Nor could indulge a ray of hope, to cheer:
Behold! behold! her Henry comes in view!
Swift, on the wings of Love, to him she flew.
Scarce can her ravish'd sense believe; but fears,
Till Henry's gentle accents charm her ears.

Bravura Air.

Thus, in thy arms, O let me live!
We ne'er again will part:
The greatest blessing Love can give,
O'erflows my grateful heart.

THE BONNY BELLS.

OH, the bonny, bonny bells!
How I love to hear them sound!
Far and near, the lads and girls,
Dance a merry, merry round.
Who is he so neat and gay?
How the youth each swain excels
'Tis my love, that comes this way,
O the bonny, bonny bells!

Play away, ye bonny bells,
Sweetest music to mine ear!
How my breast with rapture swells,
At the presence of my dear!

Softly

Softly whiſpers, now, my love,
Trembling—as his paſſion tells;
Angels talk like him above,
O the bonny, bonny bells!

Bonny bells, for ever chime,
Theodore has fix'd the day;
Sunday ſe'nnight is the time,
In the charming month of May!
How my heart goes, pat, pat, pat!
Love is full of magic ſpells;
Sunday ſe'nnight think of that!
O the bonny, bonny bells!

I NEVER CAN LOVE NONE BUT YOU.

MY mind is diſtracted, my heart in a flame,
My ſenſes are quite led aſtray;
The villagers chide me, and ſay I'm to blame,
For being leſs happy than they.
But taunt and reproofs I can eaſily bear,
Since thou, my ſweet Nancy, art true;
For this I proteſt, and ſolemnly ſwear,
I never can love none but you.

Whenever requeſted to join in the dance,
At eve, on the green, or the fair,
Both timid and ſlowly I'm ſure to advance,
If Nancy, ſweet Nancy's not there.
But, oh! if I ſee her among the gay throng,
My breaſt glows with rapture anew,
My heart is elated, and this is my ſong,
I never can love none but you.

My

My fair is diveſted of guile and deceit,
In her all the virtues combine;
And, ſurely, the journey of life would be ſweet,
Would Nancy, ſweet Nancy, be mine.
Come then, lovely girl, to my wiſhes agree,
And Love's gentle mandate purſue:
My heart ne'er can wander, ſweet Nancy, from thee;
I never can love none but you.

THE SOLACE OF LIFE.

WHEN the trumpet of Fame calls to honour and arms,
Proud glory we fondly purſue;
Ev'ry boſom is fir'd with war's fierce alarms,
The wreath of Victoria in view.
Yet glory, and honour, to Cupid muſt yield;
He leads far from battle and ſtrife:
Each wound of the ſoldier by beauty is heal'd;
Her ſmile is the ſolace of life.

When the trumpet of Fame call'd to honour and arms,
From love, and my Nancy, I flew;
I left the delight of beholding her charms,
The clangor of war to purſue:
Now war is all over, and peace ſmiles around,
I return to my friend, and my wife:
With my Nancy, content, joy, and pleaſure, are found,
Her ſmile is the ſolace of life.

I COULD NOT HELP IT; NO, NOT I.

A Plague upon the men, I ſay!
They'll never leave poor girls alone;
E'er teazing, teazing, night and day,
Till they have won us for their own:

And

And yet, that women love the men,
'Tis ſurely folly to deny,
For nine will anſwer, out of ten,
I cannot help it; no, not I.

I told young Edy, t'other day,
I never wou'd become a bride;
But ſure he took a certain day,
To tell me truly, that I ly'd!
Firſt with a kiſs, he ſtopt my breath,
And ſoftly ſaid—Sweet creature, why?
And tho' he ſqueez'd me, 'moſt to death,
I cou'd not help it; no, not I.

Well, what d'ye think at laſt I ſaid,
I never ſhall forget, I ſwear!
I tell you plain, I'll never wed;
So teaze me, now, Sir, if you dare!
But, oh! he kiſs'd me then ſo ſweet,
And look'd ſo charming in my eye!
I vow'd at church the youth to meet:
I cou'd not help it; no, not I.

A CELEBRATED LAUGHING SONG.

FILL the goblet high with wine,
Round our temples flow'rs entwine;
Baniſh care, and baniſh ſorrow,
To the gods belong to-morrow.
With grateful homage crown this day,
And ſing and laugh the night away.

To his Royal Highneſs the *Duke of York*, on his Nuptials with the *Princeſs of Pruſſia*.

FORGIVE, great Prince, this humble lay,
Which from a heart ſincere I pay,
To hail the nuptial rite:
May Hymen's torch burn bright and clear,
And happineſs each coming year,
Still crown you with delight.

May all the loves and graces ſmile,
And each intruding care beguile,
While wide the trump of Fame,
Your virtues, worth, and noble deeds,
Which in the Brunſwick line ſucceeds,
And all the world proclaim.

The Princeſs too, as great as fair,
All amiable ſhall prepare,
The roſy wreath of love;
The myrtle with the laurel join,
To form the happy wiſh'd deſign,
Each future bliſs to prove.

From ſuch a glorious noble race!
What offspring may our annals grace,
For beauty, or for war:
All to the lovely train muſt yield,
All to the heroes in the field,
Who mount Bellona's car.

Hail! happy pair! to bleſs the age,
If that the muſe may dare preſage,
Thy worth ſhall all admire!
In goodneſs, greatneſs, how compleat,
Each loyal breaſt without deceit,
Muſt glow with ardent fire,

No fear from an inſidious foe,
While thus protected, we ſhall know,
From envy, rage, or ſpite.
A Brunſwick does with Pruſſia join,
From whence a long illuſtrious line,
Each Briton muſt delight.

A DRINKING SONG.

MY name's Toby Toſspot, come hither to me,
And paſs the dull moments, no flincher you'll ſee,
With drink, mirth, and ſong,
I the moments prolong,
From morning to night,
'Tis all my delight
To puſh round the bumper as briſk as a bee,
For good liquor is ſweet as its honey to me.

To tipple all day I conſider no crime,
Or indeed all the night, for I never heed time,
For I laugh and I ſing,
Drink a health to the king
I have no time to ſpare
For thinking or care,
But I puſh round the bumper as briſk as a bee,
For good liquor's as ſweet as it's honey to me.

As time circles round, we know all muſt decay,
Then give me good liquor to moiſten my clay;
Let my life run its date,
I care not for fate,
I have no time to ſpare
For thinking or care,
But I puſh round the bumper as briſk as a bee,
For good liquor's as ſweet as its honey to me.

ROYAL

BILL BOBSTAY.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

TIGHT lads have I ſail'd with, but none e'er ſo ſightly,
As honeſt Bill Bobſtay ſo kind and ſo true,
He'd ſing like a mermaid, and foot it ſo lightly,
The forecaſtle's pride, the delight of the crew:
But poor as a beggar, and often in tatters,
He went thro' his fortune, was kind without end,
For money, cried Bill, and them there ſort of matters,
What's the good on't, d'ye ſee, but to ſuccour a friend.

There's Nipcheeſe the purſer, by grinding and ſqueezing,
Firſt plund'ring, then leaving the ſhip like a rat;
The eddy of fortune ſtands on a ſtiff breeze in,
And mounts, fierce as fire, a dog vane in his hat.
My bark, tho' hard ſtorms on life's ocean ſhould rock her,
Tho' ſhe roll in misfortune, and pitch end for end,
No, never ſhall Bill keep a ſhot in the locker,
When by handing it out he can ſuccour a friend.

Let them throw out their wipes, and cry, ſpite of the croſſes,
And forgetful of toil they ſo hardly had borne,
That, "ſailors at ſea earn their money like horſes,
"To ſquander it idly like aſſes on ſhore."

Such lubbers their jaw would coil up would they
meaſure
By their feeling, the gen'rous delight without
end,
That gives birth in us tars to that trueſt of plea-
ſure,
The handing our rhino to ſuccour a friend.

Why what's all this nonſenſe they talk of and
pother,
All about rights of man, what a plague are
they at;
If they mean that each man to his meſsmate's
a brother,
Why, the lubberly ſwabs, ev'ry fool can tell
that:
The rights of us Britons we know to be loyal,
In our country's defence our laſt moments to
ſpend,
To fight up to the ears to protect the Blood
Royal,
To be true to our wives—and to ſuccour a
friend.

ROYAL NUPTIALS.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

TO the plain, to the plain, hark! we're ſum-
mon'd away,
The birds with new notes thrill the heart
through the ear;
Trees and flowers a freſh liv'ry have put on
to-day,
And the ſun with new glory begins his career!

Some

Some ſplendid occaſion Arcadia invites
To the court of i s lov'd, its illuſtrious lord ;
Where, while pleaſure and ſports blend their various delights,
Plenty empties her well-loaded horn on the board.
What, what can it mean ?
For our heart's King and Queen,
May juſt fate thus each day ſome new bleſſing prepare !
The ſports are begun !
'Tis the nuptials propitious of Frederick their ſon !
And the ſong, and the dance, and the clarion ſo loud,
And thoſe acclamations we hear from the crowd,
All hail the Royal Pair !

Now louder it grows !—'tis the bridegroom and bride ;
What loyalty rent the glad air as it rung !
He a Mars in his car ; Venus ſhe, by his ſide ;
He a hero, and ſhe from a hero's race ſprung.
Venus here finds her court : three ſweet graces are ſeen,
Than Cytherea more lovely, more mild than her dove,
The fair ſtranger to hail, in their hearts to reign queen.
Each a ſiſter in beauty, a ſiſter in love !
And ſee the glad throng,
For the dance and the ſong,
With eager reſpectful affection prepare !
The ſports are begun !
George ſanctions the nuptial of Fred'rick his ſon
While the ſong, &c.

Again, a loud burſt! what new ſhouts rend the air?
A fond brother a bride to a fond brother gives;
While a father, a mother, a progedy rare,
Each alike imparts tranſport, and tranſport receives!
Long, long may their joys in a tide of love flow,
Pure, unmix'd from the conjugal fount whence they ſpring;
The firſt tide of human perfection we know,
Is the parent whoſe virtues illuſtrate the king.
And ſee the glad throng,
For the dance and the ſong,
With eager reſpectful affection prepare!
The ſports are begun;
George ſanctions the nuptials of Fred'rick his ſon
While the ſong, &c.

CA IRA!

A favourite National Chanſon, ſung in the Entertainment of Le Champ de Mars, *at* Sadler's Wells.

AH! ca ira!
Citizens of Paris are of joy brimful, Sir,
Ah! ca ira!
Zounds! 'twill do, cries bluff John Bull.
Firm federation unites the Gallic nation,
'Tis Ariſtocratics have reaſon to be dull.
Ah! ca ira!
Citizens of Paris are no longer the ſame, Sir,
Ah! ca ira!
Superſtition flies before the new-born flame;
Slavery

Slavery ſhall tie now no man's tongue;
Liberty ſhall bid her children prattle,
No more pleas'd with a gilded rattle;
While thus free is the Frenchman's ſong.

Chorus.

Ah! ca ira!

Ah! ca ira!
Citizens of France ſee a glorious day, Sir,
Ah! ca ira!
Liberty to peace and pleaſure points the way.
Firm federation unites the Gallic nation;
Long may her citizens the civic wreath diſplay.
Ah! ca ira!
Citizens of Paris ſhall in hiſt'ry ſhine, Sir,
Ah! ca ira!
While brethren with one another thus combine;
Happy in the ſmile of a patriot king;
Happy in the proſpect now before us;
Freedom waves all her banners o'er us,
While thus joyfully Frenchmen ſing,
Ah! ca ira!

Ah! ca ira!
Citizens of France are as Engliſhmen, free, Sir,
Ah! ca ira!
Ever let them be together BONS AMIS.
While firm federation unites the Gallic nation,
With all ſons of liberty ſhall each of us agree;
Ah! ca ira!
Citizens of France are much in the right, Sir,
Ah! ca ira!
Gallic wine and Britiſh ſpirit thus unite;

Chearfully

Chearfully we now ſhall rear the vine,
Merrily enjoy the fruits of labour,
Dancing blithe to the pipe and tabor,
While John Bull in the ſong ſhall join,
Ah! ca ira &c.

THE OXFORD SCHOLAR.

Taken from Chaucer.

JOLLY mortals who love your mirth to improve,
Over wine, or good punch, or ſtout ale;
From Chaucer, of old, I mean to unfold,
If you'll liſten—a whimſical tale.
Tol, de rol, &c.

A ſcholar renown'd, with learning high-crown'd,
From Oxford once happen'd to ſtray,
Deep muſing in thought, 'till at laſt he was caught
By the night—which had baniſh'd the day.
Tol, de rol, &c.

All diſmal and dark, not a glimpſe, not a ſpark,
Of light could be ſeen through the ſky,
Poor Square Cap ſtood ſtill, when the clack of a mill,
Inform'd him ſome refuge was nigh.
Tol, de rol, &c.

He hallow'd, and call'd, and loudly he bawl'd,
When the miller at laſt he made hear,
Who came in a trice, and with a ſtout voice,
As earneſtly call'd out—who's there?
Tol, de rol, &c.

The ſcholar reply'd, I'm in want of a guide,
For the truth is, I'm loſt in the night,
Or if here I may ſtay, 'till return of the day,
I'll pay whatſoe'er you think right.
Tol, de rol, &c.

Then

Then he told him his name, Ralph the miller
ſoon came,
Who knew the young ſcholar full well,
For why, you muſt know, he to Oxford did go,
Very often his meal for to ſell.
Tol, de rol, &c.

Now this miller we find, was to ſcholars inclin'd,
Tho' to learning he had no pretence,
Yet by nature's decree, ſo cunning was he,
That he gave a ſhrew'd gueſs at good ſenſe.
Tol, de rol, &c.

So to ſhew his reſpect, and his friend not neglect,
To his houſe he directed him ſtrait,
And ſaid he, tell my dear, to bring out the beſt
cheer,
As before I come home, 'twill be late.
Tol, de rol, &c.

The ſcholar no doubt, ſoon found the houſe out,
And loudly he knock'd at the door,
Now Bridget by name, to the window ſoon came,
To aſk who was there?—to be ſure.
Tol, de rol, &c.

He told her his caſe, with a well-ſpoken grace,
But ſhe minded not that of a pin,
She ſaid rogues were ſo rife, and ſhe alone wife,
She could by no means let him in.
Tol, de rol, &c.

Yet at the next door, he might reſt quite ſecure,
'Twas a barn where was plenty of ſtraw;
He found 'twas in vain, any more to obtain,
So he to the barn did withdraw.
Tol, de rol, &c.

Tho' dark was the night, thro' a crevice a light
He obſerv'd—and determin'd to peep,
Where the dame ſhe was laid, with the parſon
[on bed,
But without intention to ſleep.
Tol, de rol, &c.

The

The ſport being done, mark the next of the fun,
The table was ſpread in a trice,
Two fowls piping hot, were produc'd from the pot,
And two bottles of ale, ſtout and nice.
Tol, de rol, &c.

They ſat down quite ſecure, as they thought to be ſure,
When the miller call'd Biddy my dear,
Come ſpeedy, make haſte, there's no time to waſte,
It rains ſo I cannot ſtay here.
Tol, de rol, &c.

The cloth was remov'd, ere the ſupper was prov'd,
And the parſon was forced to hide,
In an old flour ſack, good lack, and alack;
What ill fortune ſometimes will betide.
Tol, de rol, &c.

Then Bridget for ſure, in a fright ope'd the door,
The miller he look'd very grim,
He aſk'd with ſome choler, about the young ſcholar,
Who had made him the ſooner come home.
Tol, de rol, &c.

She ſaid he wan't there, that indeed out of fear,
Leaſt he ſhould be uncivil and rude;
So at the next door, in the barn to be ſure,
He was lodg'd on the ſtraw without food.
Tol, de rol, &c.

Said the miller, zounds! wife, I would not for my life,
Such a gentleman ſhould be ſerv'd ſo,
Haſte quickly, my dear, and bid him come here,
She went, though unwilling to go.
Tol, de rol, &c.

The

The ſcholar ſoon came, ſaid Ralph to the dame,
Biddy, dreſs us ſome ſupper with ſpeed,
This made her to bounce, and to frown, and to flounce,
And tell him, ſhe'd nothing indeed.
Tol, de rol, &c.

Said the ſcholar, don't fear, we will not want for cheer,
If you'll let me try but my art,
I am certainly able, to furniſh the table,
Says the miller—your ſkill cheers my heart.
Tol, de rol, &c.

Then the ſcholar went to it, reſolv'd to ſhew it,
Radamanthus, and *pocus*, ſaid he,
Monk, *horner*, and *jingo*, and *pacolei-mingo*,
Mind what is now order'd by me.
Tol, de rol, &c.

Now dame he ſaid go, to that draw, ſhe ſaid no,
I think you are ſomething uncivil,
Good people to treat, with drink, or with meat,
Which you well know muſt come from the devil.
Tol, de rol, &c.

Said Ralph, I don't care, I have nothing to fear,
So ſtraight to the locker he goes,
There two fowls he ſaw, finely boil'd, in the draw,
Quite freſh as he found by his noſe.
Tol, de rol, &c.

Next over the bed, where the ale it was hid,
To ſearch, ſoon the miller was ſent,
Where the bottles, he found, which the ſupper ſoon crown'd,
Tho' Biddy was not ſo content.
Tol, de rol, &c.

For ſhe now ſmelt a rat, there's no doubt of that,
And fear'd for her dear in the ſack,

When

When the miller was told, he the de'el ſhould behold,
Which with laughing his ſides made to crack.
Tol, de rol, &c.

Says the ſcholar, my dear, you have nothing to fear,
And kindly he tip'd her the wink,
But the parſon who heard, was terribly fear'd,
And indeed was near ready to ſink.
Tol, de rol, &c.

Now ſet the door wide, a large cudgel provide,
Said the ſcholar, and mind what I ſay,
That ſack you muſt baſte, and then in all haſte,
The devil you'll ſee run away.
Tol, de rol, &c.

As he runs to the door, belabour him more,
But ſpeak not a word for your life,
For this devil is ſtout, and ſhould he turn about,
He ſome miſchief may do to your wife.
Tol, de rol, &c.

The miller began, to follow the plan,
The parſon he roar'd out like thunder;
Then out of the ſack, half white and half black,
He jump'd, which made Ralph to wonder.
Tol, de rol, &c.

Stout Ralph paid away, orthodox did not ſtay,
But quickly was out of the door,
Says the miller odds lick, you declare 'tis old Nick,
Or our parſon it was, I'd have ſwore.
Tol, de rol, &c.

Thus Biddy was ſafe, contented was Ralph,
And ſo they went happy to bed,
The parſon that night, you'll own had his right,
For planting of horns on Ralph's head.
Tol, de rol, &c.

MONEY IS YOUR FRIEND.

Written by Mr. Oakman.

OF friendſhip I have heard much talk,
But you'll find in the end,
That if diſtreſs'd at any rate
Then money is your friend.
Is it not pray tell me now, &c.

If you are ſick, and like to die,
And for the doctor ſend,
To him you muſt advance the fee,
Then money is your friend.
It is not, &c.

If you ſhould have a ſuit at law,
On which you much depend,
You muſt pay the lawyer for his brief,
Then money is your friend.
Is it not, &c.

Then let me have but ſtore of gold,
From ills it will defend,
In every exigence in life,
Dear money is your friend.
Yes, money is your friend.

SANS SOUCI.

THRO' the town as you range, from Pall-Mall to the Change,
What whims and what oddities riſe,
To amuſe and delight from morning to night,
Exhibitions are form'd to ſurpriſe;
But the beſt of them all, is at Dibdin's to call,
Whoſe voice is ſure ſweet, as Tenducci,
He's ſo witty, ſo pretty, his fancy muſt hit ye
With the Frenchified word of *Sans Souci*.
Sans Souci, &c.

If you thither repair, he'll baniſh dull care,
With man hunting, queering, and fun;
In tippling what bliſs, then the conjugal kiſs,
Philanthropy—Gratitude—pun;
True wiſdom, you'll find, to enlighten the mind,
With every thing to amuſe ye,
The beggar and drummer, Lord, what can be rummer,
Than the ſweet entertainment, *Sans Souci.*
Sans Souci, &c.

The juſt rights of man, come into his plan,
Tack, and Jack, and tantivi alſo,
The Sultan, and wag, jumbled both in a bag,
With meum, and teum you know;
Rara avis! poor Peg, all as right as my leg,
With other fine things to induce ye,
As roſes, and lilies, for Betſeys and Billies,
To come to the famous *Sans Souci.*
Sans Souci, &c.

Such a fine bill of fare, muſt make you all ſtare,
To ſurpriſe, to inſtruct, and delight,
But the principal plan, is, deny it who can,
To pocket the chink every night.
Then the rooms! ſuch a ſuit, muſt beyond all diſpute
With elegance charming amuſe ye,
The cabbins, and areas, quite ſnug for the ſtarers,
You'll find at the famous *Sans Souci.*
Sans Souci, &c.

THE NEW CROP.

Tune—*Which Nobody can deny.*

THE country they ſay has had plenty of crops,
Of wheat, and of barley, of oats, and of hops,
But London's the place, for a large crop of Fops,
Which nobody can deny.

When

When crops are by nobles, and faſhion thus grac'd,
It would be quite ſtrange not to follow the taſte
To be crop'd, then the tippers and twaddles all haſte, Which nobody, &c.
The cropping of horſes 'tis very well known,
By jockies, and grooms, with great ſkill has been ſhewn,
But now all the aſſes are crop'd about town.
Which nobody, &c.
Since the mode ſo prevails now of having ſtrait hair,
I ſhould not be amaz'd in the courſe of a year,
If faſhion directed to crop off each ear.
Which nobody, &c.
Good lord, cries miſs Pert, if this cuſtom prevails,
That the men take a pride, in the cropping their tails,
With the minds of the females 'twill ſoon turn the ſcales. Which nobody, &c.
Of one crop the conjuror we have been told,
For wiſdom, and cunning was famous of old,
But no conjuror in modern crops we behold,
Which nobody, &c.

SUNG IN THE MISER.

Written by Mr. Oakman.

AT firſt I went to Dover,
And then ſet ſail for France,
Where all was gay airy,
And there I learn'd to dance.
With my fal de ral, &c.
From thence I went to Italy,
Where muſic ſounds afar,
And there I learn'd to ſing, Sir,
And play on the guitar.
With my fal, &c.

At Portugal and Spain too,
I made ſome little ſtay,
But the Dons they were ſo grave, Sir,
I quickly came away.
With my fal, &c.

The next I went to Germany,
Where war was in a flame,
I fought a volunteer, Sir,
And gain'd ſome little fame.
With my fal, &c.

The next I went to Holland,
Where induſtry appears,
But hardly could foreſtaw, Sir,
The ſpraken of Mynheer.
With their fal, &c.

And now I am returned
In hopes you will be kind,
To ſettle me in life, Sir,
Your bounty I ſhall find.
With my fal, &c.

THE POOR MARINER.

By Mr. Moulds.

THE winds whiſtled ſhrilly, chill rain down was ſtreaming,
When from a dark cell, where the ſun ne'er had beam'd in,
Worn out with great age, preſs'd by hunger and grief,
A ſad ſon of Neptune call'd forth for relief.
Give relief to, give relief to,
O give relief to a poor mariner.

He

He tremblingly begg'd, as the affluent paſs'd him,
The poor mite which benevolent charity caſt him;
When from his dim eyes, hid by darkneſs thick veil,
The big tear guſh'd forth, while he told his ſad tale.
Give relief to, give relief to,
O give relief to a poor mariner.

Theſe eyes have oft ſeen the proud ſink before me,
Have ſparkled with joy at the ſignal of glory;
Have ſeen Britain's flag to conqueſt aſpire;
Tho' now loſt in darkneſs, for want I expire.
Give relief to, give relief to,
O give relief to a poor mariner.

Aſſiſt me, he ſaid, the words tremblingly hung
In accents moſt piteous on the veteran's tongue;
When the grim King of Terrors his ſuff'rings regarded,
And ſnatch'd him from hence to where virtue's rewarded.
Death gave relief, Death gave relief,
Death gave relief to the poor mariner.

Tho' penury thus ſtabb'd the good and the brave,
The bright tear of pity was ſhed o'er his grave,
May the ſeaman's hard fate niggard pomp bid retire,
And merit be cheriſh'd, tho' want be its fire.
Nor by relief like, nor by relief like,
Nor by relief like the poor mariner.

ROSES AND LILIES.

By Mr. Dibdin.

BEAUTY I ſell, who'll buy? who'll buy?
Roſes and lilies, girls, here am I.
Neither black, brown, or fair, ſhall have cauſe for complaint,
They ſhall all look like angels, and an all without paint.
Who'll buy? who'll buy?
Here am I.
Come, maids, and be beautiful, eaſy's the taſk;
Uſe this rouge newly taken from modeſty's maſk;
As it blooms ſhall fair truth ſhew your heart in the flush,
And duty's enamel ſhall poliſh the bluſh;
For duty gives charms that will laſt all your lives,
None but dutiful daughters make beautiful wives.
Now's your time, all ye wives, wou'd ye beautiful grow,
Draw ſome drops from content's lucid fount as they flow:
Take the mildneſs of love, throw away all the art,
Mix theſe in endearment's alembic, the heart;
Let the fire of attention the whole gently boil;
Then add nature's beſt gloſs, a perpetual ſmile.
Come round me, I've wares for maid, widow, and wife,
This eſſence of truth to the eyes give a life;
This tincture of ſweetneſs ſhall lilies diſcloſe,
And from this virtue's balm ſhall ſpring beauty's beſt roſe;
Then while art's in faſhion why ſhould you refuſe,
That which nature and reaſon permit you to uſe?

TOASTS

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

THE King, Queen, and all the Royal Family.
The Conſtitution, and may its enemies feel the puniſhment it provides for them.
The liberty of the preſs—without abuſe.
Univerſal liberty, without partiality.
May real patriots be applauded, and ſham patriots exalted.
May the good we wiſh to others be exemplified in ourſelves.

A real friend and a chearful glaſs,
To make the moments happy paſs.

The univerſal commander, that conquers without killing.
The rival friends, who fight hard to pleaſe each other.
Jerry Sneak's deſire—a bit of the brown.
May we kiſs where we pleaſe, and pleaſe where we kiſs.
May the honeſt man in adverſity be ſpeedily comforted.
May the abettors of ſlavery, be ſlaves themſelves.
For the benefit of the poor—taxes lower, and the neceſſaries of life cheaper.
The art of love, directed by nature.
Good liquor, good friends, and good humour.
Mirth without folly, and wit without wickedneſs.
The wealth of the nation, trade, commerce, population, and unanimity.
May ſly foes meet an open puniſhment.
The happy moment, love for love.
May a fair tongue and an honeſt heart be united.
May the union of friendſhip, never be broke by intereſted motives.
May thoſe who talk about the good of the nation, do the beſt they can for it.
May the rich conſider the poor, and the poor endeavour to deſerve their kindneſs.
May the officers of juſtice, be juſt in their duty.
May integrity never be over-ruled by authority.
May the great be good, and the good be great.
The higheſt title in life—an honeſt man.

May the privilege of toleration never degenerate into licentiousness.

May different opinions never carry animosity so far, as to wish the destruction of one another.

May politicians never be enemies, merely for the sake of opposition.

May the City of London continue its respectability to the end of time.

May all rogues in office be treated as rogues out of office.

May the blessings of peace, plenty, and encouragement to the industrious, encrease and continue.

May those who deserve well thrive well, and ill to the reverse.

Love and friendship, mirth and wine,
With peace and harmony, combine.

May avarice lose his purse, and benevolence find it.

Riches to those who wish them to others.

May poverty never be looked upon with contempt, nor wealth as a mark of merit.

May our passions be governed by reason, and our wishes by moderation.

May our gratitude preserve our old friends, and our good behaviour procure us new ones.

Dignity without pride, & condescension without meanness.

May all our desires be just and successful.

May our happiness encrease with our years.

Politeness without affectation, and plain dealing without rudeness.

Honour's best employment—the protection of innocence.

The trial by jury, and may the rights of jurymen to protect the innocent for ever remain inviolate.

The rights of man.

The nation, the law, and the king.

Peace and good will to all mankind.

The friends of the French Revolution, in or out of Parliament.

A bumper to Britania—the army and navy.

May all the nations of Europe, like France, renounce ambitious schemes of war and conquest.

FINIS.

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